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Berliners Benefit From Lifting Of Blockade

FOOD PRICES COME DOWN

Berlin, May 13.—Western Berlin food prices today dropped sharply and the people began to enjoy the first fruits of the lifting of the blockade. Vegetable prices were most affected, spinach, for example, falling overnight from 35 pfennigs a pound to 15 pfennigs. Leeks, cabbages, asparagus and rhubarb also suddenly became cheap.

Fresh potatoes, which were not available in the West sectors during the blockade, arrived in Berlin by train at the rate of 2,000 tons per day. But they were still rationed and price-controlled, although their de-rationing was expected soon.

American coffee, formerly up to 23 marks a pound on the black market, was offered today at nine and 10 marks. Canned fish and vegetables also fell.

Another sign of the restored health of Berlin's economy was the continued fall of the occupation scrip currency on the black market.

An official British spokesman denied that there was any truth in the Russian allegations that the Western Allies had failed to lift the counter-blockade in accordance with the New York agreement.

ALL RESTRICTIONS GO
"The fact is that all restrictions have been lifted," he said with special emphasis. "International trade permits may be issued by the appropriate German authorities as before March 1, 1948, for items which had appeared on the old inter-zonal trade agreement, which lapsed at the end of 1946, or for any other items."

The next and most natural step to expect, the spokesman added, was for Eastern and Western traders to get together to work out trade exchanges. No Western Military Government restrictions whatsoever now exist.

The official Soviet newspaper, Tagessche Rundschau had alleged that the Western Allies had taken no steps to restore international trade or to continue the inter-zonal trade agreement and were thereby "torpedoing" the New York agreement.

Nine coal trains took about 10,000 tons of coal to Berlin in the first 24 hours after the blockade ended, Mr. H. E. Collins, the British chairman of the combined Coal Control Group, announced today in Essen.

The efforts would continue to take in 6,500 tons a day, he said.—Reuter.

THREE YEARS FOR TALKING
Dusseldorf, May 13.—Herbert Focke, 29-year-old German detective, was today sentenced to "three years" imprisonment for giving information about the British Black Watch Regiment to the Czechoslovak Intelligence Service.

His wife, Kveta, found guilty on the same charge, received 18 months' imprisonment.

The original charge of espionage was dropped because the material Focke communicated to the Czechs was generally known and accessible to the public.—Reuter.

Hongkong's Success At BIF

London, May 13.—There was a rush of last-minute enquiries on the Hongkong stand when the British Industries Fair closed this evening.

I understand the Hongkong delegates were very satisfied with their mission to London, and feel it has been extremely profitable.

They will celebrate the success of their mission tomorrow night with a farewell party at the delegation's hotel in Park Street.—Our Own Correspondent.

Aly Khan And Rita To Wed May 27

Cannes, May 13.—Friends of Miss Rita Hayworth and Prince Aly Khan have been sent invitations to their wedding on May 27.

That morsel of information was passed out today by a source close to the couple. Beyond that nothing could be learned.

Rita, the Hollywood film star, and Prince Aly Khan, heir to fabulous riches and the spiritual leadership of the Moslem religious sect, were not at home at the Prince's Chateau de l'Horizon, which overlooks the Mediterranean a short distance from Cannes. They have been dividing their time between the Chateau and Paris for the past several months. They returned from Paris earlier this week.

All sources who are usually familiar with the couple's activities and plans refused to comment.—Associated Press.

Move To Restore Japan's Industry Hotly Criticised

IS SERIOUS THREAT TO ALLIES' INTERESTS

Washington, May 13.—The United States' move to allow Japan unlimited peaceful industry was characterised by some members of the Far Eastern Commission on Friday as "more serious" to the interests of other Pacific allies than the stoppage of reparations.

Some FEC members dismissed reparations as a "closed matter," adding, "in this we are taking a realistic view."

"The United States occupies a very special position in this respect," they said. "We don't think the U.S. ever will agree to any new reparations proposal."

And they also indicated they felt a majority of the FEC nations will accept the new United States position without serious protest.

But on the United States proposal concerning the level of industry Japan will be allowed, they indicated they felt differently.

"The United States' notification that it intends to do away with the issue of what level of industry it would like allowed, raises a matter of greater significance than reparations," said one FEC representative.

"To remove all limitations on peaceful Japanese industry involves both our security and our future commercial well-being," this member continued. "On this I imagine my government will want to have something to say about them."

DANGERS FORESEEN

A representative of a major FEC member from the Pacific area said that "such industries could at some future date again quickly be turned to wartime purposes."

Another representative said, "if all levels of industry restrictions are removed we again may face a Japanese industrial dumping and cutthroat competition of pre-war years."

This representative is from a country heavily engaged in shipping and other commercial activities which felt Japanese competition severely before the war.

"The Japanese have never adhered to international agreements governing such matters," the representative continued.

"The Japanese have never paid their share of reparations, they may return and attack, they never paid their share of reparations to other nations. We don't intend to face such competition again."

Therefore, we intend to have something to say about Japanese industry levels, although we have virtually written off reparations."

But some other FEC members, notably from the Philippines, continue to say they were expelling their reparations from Japan.

"Brig-Gen. Carlos P. Romulo will have more to say about this in due course before the Commission," said the Philippine Minister, Mr. Emilio Abello.

Gen. Romulo is the chief Philippine delegate to the FEC. Mr. Abello thus far is the only FEC delegate who heard the American delegate, Mr. McCloy, on Thursday announce the new U.S. position, who was willing to comment for quotation.—Associated Press.

15 FILIPINO OUTLAWS KILLED

Manila, May 13.—Fifteen of the outlaws, believed to be Hukbalahaps, who ravaged Sibul Springs, a health resort north of Manila, on Tuesday were killed yesterday in an encounter with special Philippine policemen headed by Lieutenant Pablo Marquez, it was reported today.

The retreating disidents, the report added, were surprised on Wednesday morning at the village of Akle, a few miles from the health resort.—Reuter.

Destructive Fire

Kingston, Jamaica, May 13.—Fire today destroyed what was to have been the biggest ice factory in the British West Indies. The factory, being rushed to meet an acute ice shortage, was nearly finished.—Reuter.

Britain Swings To Right

Cheering Results For Tories

London, May 13.—The Conservatives had something to cheer about tonight as the results of the municipal elections in traditionally Labour London and throughout England and Wales confirmed the swing to the right first shown in the County Council elections last month.

While industrial Birmingham and the textile city of York were among the famous provincial cities to come into the Conservative fold, the most striking Conservative gains were in London, where the citizens elected Councillors for the city's 28 boroughs.

With one result outstanding late tonight, the Conservatives had wrested six boroughs from Labour. Labour, however, still controlled 10 with the Conservatives holding 18.

On the basis of these results, Conservative Party supporters thought their hopes of sweeping away the Labour Government at next year's general election, to the House of Commons looked rosy.

Since the Labour Government came to power in 1945, the Conservatives have been dogged by an electoral "lull" and have been unable to win a single House of Commons bye-election in constituencies that voted Labour in 1945.

TURN OF TIDE

The turn of the tide appeared to have come when the Conservatives scored big gains in April's County Council elections. Now Party officials say that the trend in the municipal elections this week shows that the swing to the right continues.

The standing of the parties throughout England and Wales at 7.45 p.m. GMT was: Conservatives 1,820 seats, Labour 1,600, Independents 938, Liberals 187, Communists 11. All the Communist seats were won in London, nine of them in the East London borough of Stepney.

Countrywide gains and losses were: Conservatives 812 gains, 27 losses; Labour 84 gains, 777 losses; Independents 121 gains, 104 losses; Liberals 19 gains, 40 losses; Communists one gain, nine losses.

The standing of the parties in London was: Labour 621 seats, Conservatives 581, Communists 11, Independent one. The polling, though not approaching the strength of a general election, was in some cases exceptionally heavy for municipal elections.—Reuter.

Pickets At Ford Plant

Phone System Fails In US

Truck Blows Up In Cable Tube



UAW-CIO strikers picket Ford's Rouge plant in one continuous line. Some 65,000 workers began the second day of the walkout today, production at the Rouge and Lincoln plants in Detroit.—AP Picture.

New York, May 13.—The worst telephone service failure in communications history occurred today when a truck blew up in the Hudson vehicular tunnel beneath the Hudson River. Much of the nation's communications system was paralysed.

The tunnel carries cables on which power is provided by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company for press association wires, radio networks and long-distance telephone service.

Sixty other trucks and cars pulled up telescope-fashion beside the exploding truck and caught fire in turn. Drivers and passengers scrambled, choking and panicking, out of the 8,200-foot New York-New Jersey tube.

Heat buckled the tiled walls, the intricate ventilation system stopped and the tunnel was plunged into darkness and filled with poisonous fumes.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company said of 6,000 long-distance circuits going south and west out of New York was about half lost.

The 16-ton trailer truck which exploded was heavily loaded with a highly inflammable chemical, carbon disulphide.

TRAFFIC BLOCKS

Both east and westbound traffic lanes were knocked out of service and vehicles, which pass through at a rate of 100,000 per day, backed up for blocks at both entrances.

The westbound passage reopened in the afternoon, but officials said it would be late tonight before the debris could be cleared from the eastbound section and examination made to ascertain whether it is safe for use.

At least 30 firms were overcome by fumes and 14 other persons, including the driver of the trailer truck, Edmund Tyndal, 36, were taken to hospital.

Radio networks had programme delays of 10 minutes to half an hour. The United Press main trunk circuit was out 27 minutes.

Tyndal's truck was carrying 60 five-gallon drums of chemical used as a solvent. This was in violation of port authority regulations. The drum exploded and set off the others.—United Press.



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EDITORIAL

Policy Statement Could Help

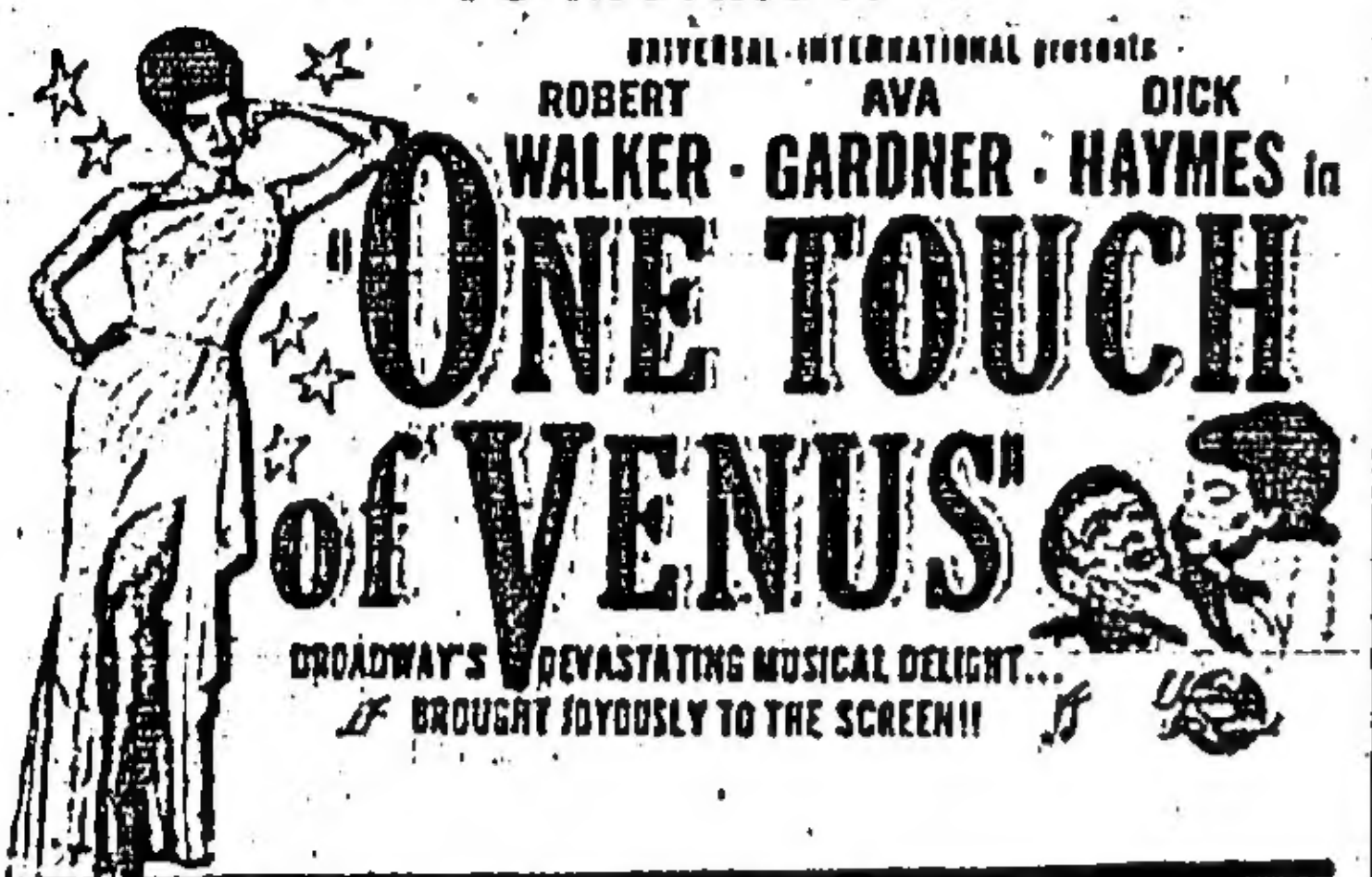
TO the role which Hongkong imposed upon itself in September, 1945, to make the quickest and most thorough recovery possible from its war and occupation wounds—looms now the possibility that it must shoulder even wider and more important responsibilities: defending its integrity so that those post-war achievements which have earned the acclaim and admiration of the democracies shall not have been made in vain. No estimate of the position as it is today could ignore the fact that Hongkong is delicately placed. Whatever happens in China must, of necessity, have repercussions in this Colony, whether good or bad. On balance China's civil war is a decided disadvantage to Hongkong, for, apart from its adverse effect upon legitimate trading between here and the hinterland, it has created, or at least made more complicated, a number of domestic problems such as overcrowding, a swollen surplus of unemployed, increased dangers to public health, and an acute nervousness about our internal security. And today, Hongkong suffers not only from the impacts of the civil war, but has to consider the "imponderables" associated with its present trend which is finding the Nationalists hopelessly outclassed in the military field, and their Government gradually, but surely disintegrating. And because the final defeat of the KMT-controlled Government now appears to be a certainty—merely a matter of time—Hongkong's future position vis-a-vis China has to be considered in the light of dealing with a Communist-dominated administration, bearing in mind that Communists the world over are the avowed enemies of the Western democratic way of life which Hongkong follows. From this Colony's point of view, therefore, one of the most urgent needs of the day is a firm statement of policy designed to make it clear to any future Chinese Government (a) that no attempt to undermine the authority of

this Crown Colony will be tolerated; (b) that normal diplomatic procedure shall govern relations between China and Hongkong. It will not afford Britain particular pleasure to have to give de facto recognition to a Communist Government in China, any more than Britain felt happy about accepting the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia; but if circumstances so dictate this course they must be accepted and the opportunity utilised to make the best use of the new situation. But if there is an obligation on the part of the British Government to take a realistic view of near future developments in China, there is an even greater responsibility resting on the Chinese Communists to clarify, without delay, their intended attitude to Hongkong and the relations they intend to establish between their country and the Colony. While we are entitled to warn the Reds that we shall fully resist any attempt to overthrow the sovereignty of Hongkong, this is no reason why we should not also display a willingness to win and hold their confidence. The history of 100 years has proved beyond argument that Hongkong, under British rule, is a commercial advantage to China; that its Chinese residents wish for no change in its status; and that given continued goodwill between the two governments, vast mutual benefits can be derived. In indicating a long-term policy in the event of the Communists becoming the accepted national Government of China, Britain does not need to adopt a line of appeasement or supplication. But overtures, based on the traditional friendship between Hongkong and China and recognition of their mutual interests, may do much more than a display of bristling bayonets in winning from the Communists their respect and their willingness to live in peace with this Colony. In any event it would be interesting and informative to obtain the Communists' reactions to any such overture.

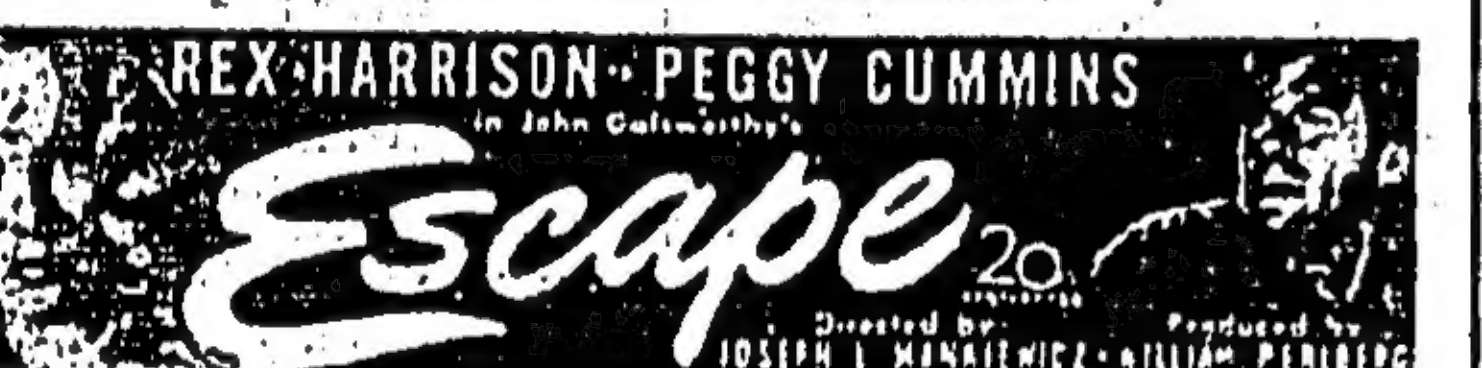
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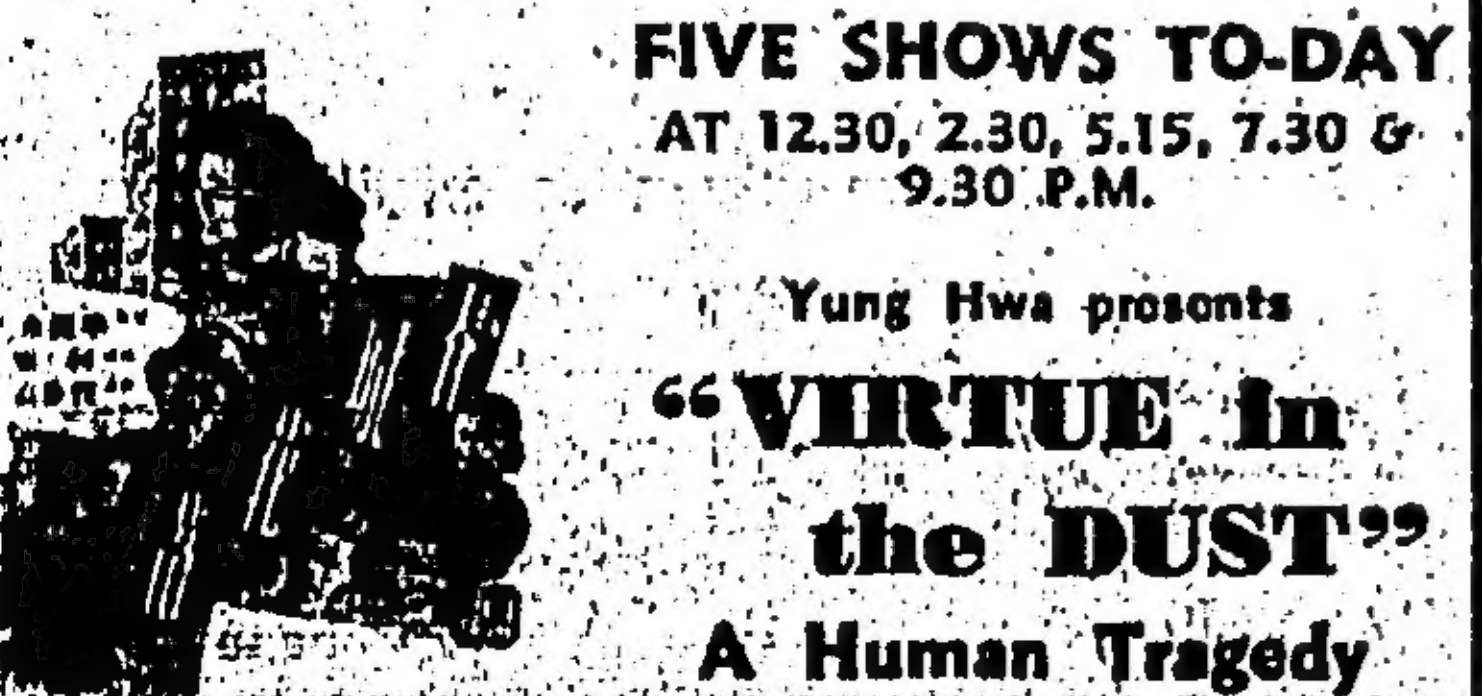
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Ginger & Fred End Their No-Dancing Years

From FREDERICK COOK

NEW YORK.—I took the charming Miss Ginger Rogers to the pictures here—to a film she had not seen before, the Barkleys of Broadway. In it are Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, together again after a gap of far too many years.

Pretty as ever, in neat beige tailored suit with a tiny white straw hat perched on her up-swept hair, the star of so many dancing hits quivered like a schoolgirl, mopped her forehead from time to time, and didn't say a word from start to finish.

There was an occasional groan here and there. When the laughs came they were for others. Once he applauded—that was for Astaire.

"I am always terrified when I see myself," she said afterwards. She had no need to be this time.

With Astaire's help she has turned out one of the gayest, most enjoyable musicals in years.

At 40 Astaire has lost none of his skill, afoot, vocal, or as a comedian.

Past and present

HOLLYWOOD never seems to cherish too high a regard for pictures based on British history or British mythology when they are made in British studios. The place to do justice to our past is—of course—Hollywood.

That is why when Sir Galahad gallops across the Saturday morning screens in a few

months' time any gentlemanly expelives he lets fall will be in impeccable American.

The decision to do a 15-part serial about Sir Galahad—well, largely about him, since he appears in it—was taken last year when Mr. Samuel Katzman, "serial king" for one of the big studios, heard that Mr. J. Arthur Rank had in mind a film on the Knights of the Round Table.

Now The Adventures of Sir Galahad is nearly complete.

There is no time-wasting with the Holy Grail. "We don't want to get into any religious complications," said Mr. Katzman firmly.

Essentially it becomes a plain cops-and-robbers story, which any American child will be able to grasp.

There will even be love-interest, involving Sir Galahad (George Reeves) and the Lady of the Lake (Lola Linn). But not much.

Smoke at your peril

Mr. Howard S. Cullman, the multi-millionaire Broadway backer, who will be in London this summer with his wife, has been writing to me about the lamentable state of the theatre here, in the bricks and mortar sense. He thinks the average New York playhouse is much inferior to some in London.

Tobacco-merchant Cullman would like to see up-to-date theatres as comfortable as some of the cinemas—and with the audiences able to smoke.

At present, smoking, even in the lobby, is a major hazard of theatre-going here. Fire guards

lurk on every stairway and pounce at the strike of a match. The forgetful smoker is likely to get a summons on the spot.

In the intervals smokers are herded out on to the street.

More visitors

HALF the notables of American show business are either on their way to London, already there, or planning to go. Departures this week include Joshua Logan, producer, and his wife, Nedra Harrigan; Jo Mielziner and his wife; Irene Selznick and Lillian Gish.

Mr. Logan will discuss West End productions for Mister Roberts and South Pacific, and he may also direct a film, Mister Roberts, in which Henry Fonda plays the lead here, is a show London ought to see.

Mr. Mielziner will spend his time in London attending to the design and construction of sets for Death of a Salesman and A Streetcar named Desire. Mrs. Selznick's trip is also concerned with the London production of Streetcar, in which Vivien Leigh is to play the part, created here by Jessica Tandy, with Sir Laurence Olivier directing.

Lillian Gish is to try her hand as a reporter. She will write a series on the theatre in Europe for a magazine.

(London Express Service)



ASTAIRE, ROGERS in the Barkleys of Broadway
MAGIC FEET As nimble as ever



Presenting two young men with not much in common—except an urge to break a tradition.

FIRST the actor—Bernard Miles. "In studios today it is the lamps that are telling the actors what to do—and that is no way to make pictures," he says.

So Miles has walked out, put up some of his own money, turned director as well as star, and is getting down to making his own film, "Chance of a Lifetime," his own way.

The Miles method is just the same as the Italians used for "Open City" and Hollywood for "Naked City." He is taking his camera into the streets and turning it loose.

He wants to film in a bank? Then he goes to Lombard-street. In a bus? A 70 bus is hired and runs on its usual route while the camera is shooting inside.

A luxury restaurant? There is a fine one in Piccadilly. And a factory? Then Basil Radford, Compton Mackenzie, and the cast move off to one in Gloucester for seven weeks.

Bernard Miles may lose his money. He doesn't mind. "My wife and I have agreed to go back to living on £5 a week if necessary." So he turns down ten parts for every one he takes, and wants to get back to where films began—out of doors.

'Let's Get Tough' ★ RECOND young man, the playwright, Terence Rattigan. "Rattigan's Revolt" they are calling it in the theatre. Thirty-seven-year-old

Rattigan, the best of our young playwrights made his money—about £10,000 a year—out of the gentle drawing-room comedy (from "French Without Tears" to "Love in Idle Hands").

Now he has written "Adventure Story." It is rough and robust. The West End theatre needs something like that. Rattigan's view is: "It has been too quiet—and I'm to blame as much as anyone. We need something far more to life to wake it up: action and violence, drama and spectacle."

The expected wonderful things with all the publicity on the Rattigan Hayworth runaway romance. In America they queued to see Hayworth—the worthless gipsy. In London they left five seats in every ten empty—sometimes more.

Now it is up to the provinces where they still remember the Rattigan Hayworth of "Cover Girl" and "You Were Never Lovelier"—box office winners both. "Anyway," they are consoled themselves at Columbia, "it wasn't a West End film."

Jon in A Hurry ★ DO YOU KNOW the name Jon Pertwee? You soon will. He is just a voice now in the "Waterlogged Spa" and "Up the Pole" radio shows.

He will be much more than that. For Jon Pertwee has personal. I watched his strange act at the Golden Green Hippodrome—and heard the customers cheer.

On the stage Pertwee rushes at the audiences, has no inhibitions, tells stories with force, and knocks the breath out of the stalls.

He knows best of all what he should not do: "None of the things they know me for on the radio—no 'What does it matter as long as you 'ear'em' up character voices. That would be fatal." He can sing, dance a bit, play the guitar, and mime.

Town-Talk... ★ SHOW PEOPLE are talking about: The film of the life of Henry Morgan—the pirate not the actor—which Paulette Goddard wants to make in England. The private showing of Olivia de Havilland's picture about a mental home, "The Snake Pit," to a London audience of psychiatrists and experts on mental disturbance: now it waits for the censor's verdict. Part of Jane Wymann's British picture "Sister Fright" will be shot at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. James Mason gets Joan Bennett to star with him in his next Hollywood film "The Black Wall." Beryl Orde's crack: "Nothing makes a woman look better than three drinks inside a man."

(London Express Service)

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA
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SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.



MARK TWAIN'S
CONNECTICUT YANKEE
A Paramount Picture

QUEEN'S
SUNDAY MORNING AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY
Roland Young—Carole Landis—Donna O'Keefe

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"BADMINTON"—Highspots of the game!
"CINDERELLA CAGERS"—Now Thrills in Basketball!
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LAST 4 SHOWS TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



ROBERT MONTGOMERY SUSAN HAYWARD JOHN PAYNE AUDREY TOTTER
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TO-MORROW

WAGNER'S HAPPINESS HIT
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SHERIDAN SMITH CARSON SMITH WYNNIE MANNING RUGGLES ARDEN
THE DOUGHGIRLS
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JOHN RIDGELY JOHN ALEXANDER CRAIG JAMES V. KERN
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C.V.R. Thompson Mrs Mopp dances

NEW YORK.

THE brassbands at the U.S. Navy's base in Providence, Rhode Island, thought up an added attraction for this year's staff ball—a contest to choose "the Queen of the Station."

Expecting one of the secretaries to be picked, the Commandant, Captain Donald Smith, promised to escort her in the Grand March which opens the ball.

But when the votes came in the brassbands were appalled that the station had voted for the charwoman, 43-year-old Mrs. Eva Clauson. Their reason—she listens to all the troubles and smiles at all the jokes.

Captain Smith said the contest had become a farce. Mrs. Clauson said she would not go to the ball. And there were 800 ticket cancellations.

Finally, the committee persuaded Mrs. Clauson to change her mind. They brought her a new outfit, sent her to a beauty parlour, and drove her to the ball in a limousine.

"Hurrah for our Queen Eva," yelled the ratings. Captain Smith led the Grand March, but his escort was his wife.

THE USE of "obey" in marriage ceremonies is "an antiquated as hoop skirts," said a Chicago divorce judge, Julius Miner. To a man seeking a divorce because his wife would not obey him Judge Miner said: "The modern view is that marriage is a fifty-fifty proposition."

Said the plaintiff: "Marriage is a business, and how can a business have two heads?" The judge's view prevailed.

IT WAS estimated in Washington that there are about one million "subversives"—Washington's word for Communists or fellow-travellers—in America—or one out of every 150 people.

INFLATION NOTE—Colorado passed a new law defining larceny as theft of anything worth \$50 (£12 10s). Former rate—£5.

THE TOURIST season to Europe has officially begun. Off has sailed the Queen Elizabeth with a full load of 2,100 passengers.

Star passengers: J. Arthur Rank—silent Producer Alfred Hitchcock—"I'm going to make a British picture for vast circulation in America in contrast with most British films which play in art theatres." Mrs. Laura (Catharine's Agreement) Hobson—"I want to get some material for a novel about Labour England."

65 men couldn't choose a necktie

SIXTY-FIVE men who during the war made lightning decisions escaping from the enemy spent two hours trying to decide on a tie—and failed. It was at the annual general meeting in London of the R.A.F. Escaping Society, all of whose 550 members escaped after being shot down in Western Europe.

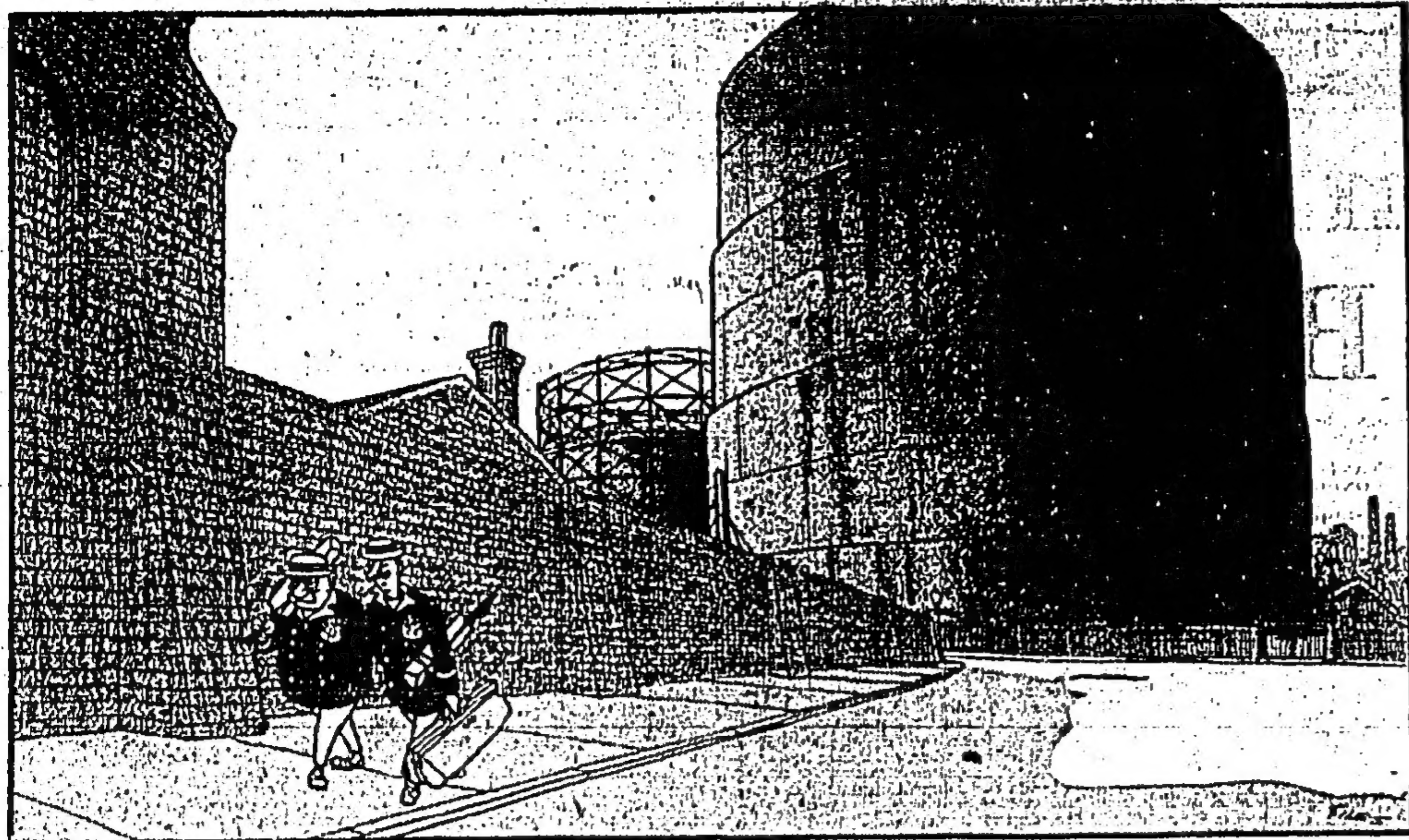
They wanted a tie emblematic of their adventures—comradely and the drawings of 13 samples of neckwear were on the wall to choose from. A committee has now been appointed to make a decision.

Nearly every man present has an amazing story to tell—like their chairman, for example, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Basil Embry, C.-in-C. Fighter Command, who killed three Germans, rode in a German general's car, and walked 700 miles to Spain after being shot down over Dunkirk in 1940.

But they did not speak of the war at the meeting. They argued about the tie, and about the 100 new members they may be admitting since R.A.F. escapers from all theatres of war may now join the society.

They also applauded the work done in helping Frenchmen and Frenchwomen who aided their escape.

The society is an association of ex-escapers, and one of its French members has been granted a £230 to a French widow now in distress.



"I suppose it's in keeping with bureaucratic minds that they can't think of anything more romantic than a gasworks to nationalise on May Day."

London Express Service

'Bond-st. Boy' startles the Royal Academy

Munnings says 'Just juggling'

By

JOHN PREBBLE

A YOUNG man who paints in parallelograms, pyramids and purples looks like being the sensation of this year's Royal Academy.

I use the word guardedly, for I think it will be due less to John Minton's artistic ability than to the fact that of his startling nature rarely gets inside the walls of Burlington House.

It would be normal enough in a Bond-street gallery, his presence, prominently displayed in the Academy, marks a victory, for better or worse, to the younger A.R.A.s who have been quietly agitating for representation of what Minton calls "the Bond-street Boys."

If the reception Minton is getting at this year's Academy infuriates Sir Alfred Munnings, rolling president of the Academy, he can, to a degree, blame himself.

For this champion of the old, old school looked at Minton's canvases and decided abruptly that it was "just juggling about, copying others. It wouldn't even make a good poster."

Unabashed at this onslaught from Colnab, David picked up his wicked silex.

"Sir Alfred may know a lot about horses," Minton told me, "but the last thing he knows anything about is painting. His opinions on contemporary painting are as aggressively impudent and silly as his own painting is mediocre."

Cubist influence

MINTON is hoping that his untidy canvases, the largest in the exhibition, will not be returned.

"Perhaps," he says, "a restaurant will buy it for a mural." His price is £250 or near offer.

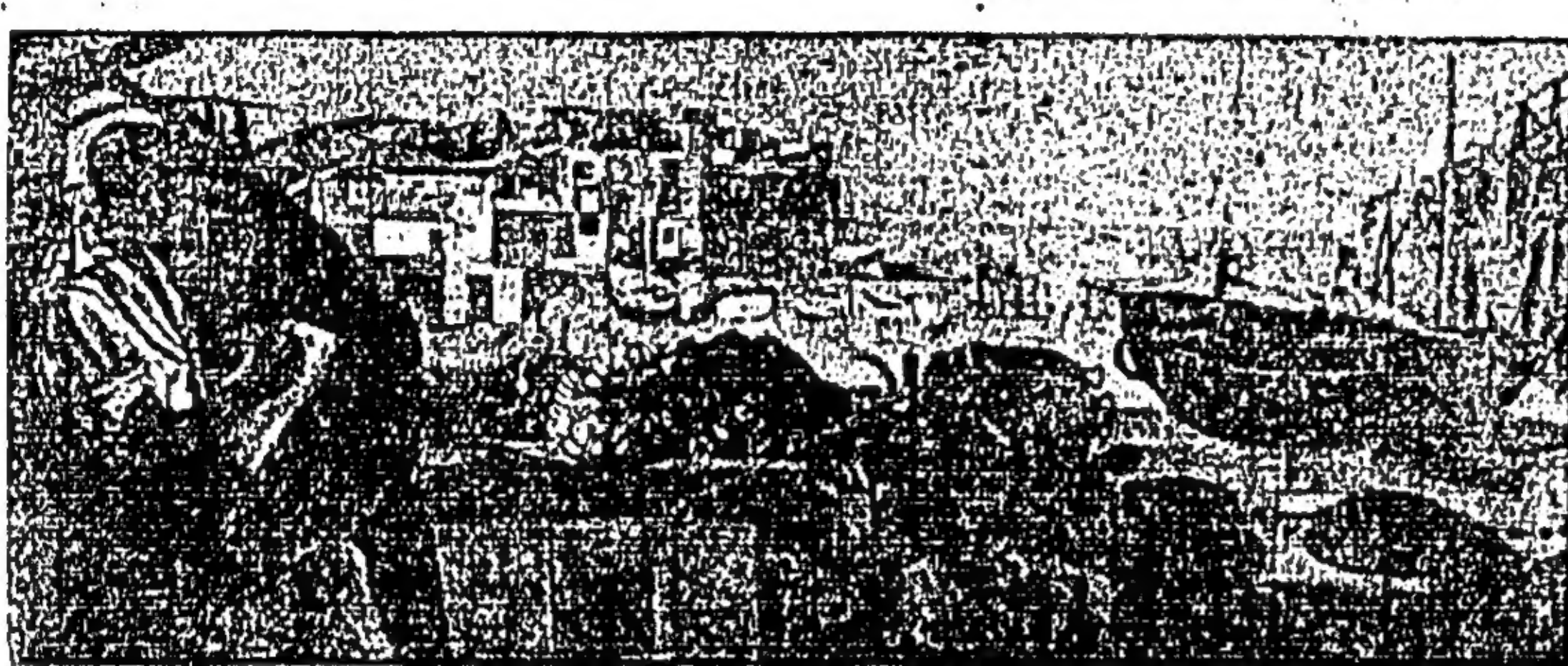
It is called "The Harbour," and was finished in 1947 from sketches made in Corsica. It has a rough perspective, a heavy and sometimes oppressive treatment under acknowledge Cubist influence. This influence gives it a startling immobility.

Minton has three pictures in the Academy. The other two are smaller canvases painted in cubist style. They have cubist, movable-stones, in white and mauve, a herring-bone sea and flat, lemon-green sky.

In an "Academy" which, in Munnings' words, is "as mediocre as usual," Minton's paintings have the same effect as a hammer-blow after a passionless day.

Who is he? He is 31, a teacher at the Royal College in South Kensington, earning his living by teaching and illustration.

He lives in a white house behind a "yellow door" in "Madison Vale." He is shock-haired, immensely enthusiastic, and when informed of the interest, his paintings were causing immediate proposals to attend the private-view in a false beard.



THE HARBOUR... by John Minton.

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THE 'BOY' WHO DID IT



John Minton.

"All initiative is being killed," says Munnings sadly, "all artists are becoming urbanised."

Munnings, who has six canvases hanging, does something to break down the urbanisation. Of course, his subjects are horses. But "Early Morning Newmarket" is worth seeing for the action it has suddenly frozen.

Munnings pointed it out on a wardrobe door. He rose early every morning to be on the Heath before breakfast, to sketch the sweating boys bringing in the horses.

He began it in 1947, and he was still working on it while it hung last week. When it mellowed its morning touch of sun will give it a warm beauty.

What else is there? There is "Noreen," by A. R. Thomson, reminiscent of Goya. There is John Revel's puzzling "Cain and Abel" more rustic than biblical, and which will no doubt find its way into the interior decorators by way of cheap prints.

Story piece

THERE is Robin Darwin's "Et in Arcadia Ego," a story-piece our grandfathers would like. A barnard polishes the counter behind pink taps and bottles of vermouth.

Yet there is something arresting in her tightly stretched hair, the black ribbon at her throat, and the cold, half-amused smile of forbearance which can sometimes make all barnards look as enigmatic as Mona Lisa.

There is also Winston Churchill, hon. R.A., exhibiting this year as himself and not a pseudonym.



Noreen, by A. R. Thomson.

Mr Churchill cannot hope his painting will carry him to the eminence which statesmanship has, but his six small landscapes, all but one painted some 20 years ago are glimpses of the country-side, or Riviera coastline, that appear to us all now and then.

They were obviously painted quickly, to work off an emotion as much as to, execute an inspiration.

Apart from Mr. Minton and Signor Annigoni, there is nobody at this year's Academy to worry you unduly.

And if you are inclined to agree with Sir Alfred Munnings that it is "mediocre," be informed that he adds: "You cannot expect more than two or three geniuses in a century."

(London Express Service)

WHAT THE BUTLER SAW, 1949 VERSION

DESPITE the opulence of the latest pin tables clicking and flashing gaudy patterns to indicate the transient success or failure of the hopeful operator, the ingenious robot cinema and the craziest of "dogma" cars, they have nothing on the newest exploits of that elusive but resourceful butler, who sees so much of life in the raw, for the sustained wheedling of "saints" of the curious.

Still in three parts, the 1949 version of "What the Butler Saw" is innocuously, saucy and streamlined and so ingeniously geared to the climax—as to oblige the viewer to see all three parts before his hopes and expectations are finally dashed.

Many amusement arcade "kings" have hands full of pennies provided by a beneficent management, and stalked by an alert mechanic, tested these latest novelties—and their luck—at the recent Amusement Traders' Exhibition in London. Their verdict was: "Good show!"

Too many machines are for export only, watched, criticised and listened to the robot cinema for a three-minute turn. THE "STREET" scene

juke box was quite the highlight of the show, but the caterers peeped with zeal at whatever it was that the butler saw. They left the "lights" with the same sheepish grin on their faces as will their future patrons. The verdict of both will be just the same.

The newest "dogma" cars, all streamlined and resplendent with youthful abandon, flashier-than-ever pin-tables, magnificently lighted up with varying fortunes; juke boxes hiccupped the latest surrealist musical

reboos adrifts "on the kick"; model dolls danced inside glass cases surrounded by competition games; and there was the glittering array of cheap glassware, crockery, hardware and other glided pieces to tickle the sporting fancy of the fun-fair fan.

Business was brisk, and there was a very strong demand for all the machines, by showmen who, in the last few years, have found it increasingly difficult to replace "gadgets" which are fast becoming obsolete compared with the present American standards—and are anxious to find new attraction as soon as possible.

The man who thought Hongkong apathetic views China through our island peephole

The country the tourist can no longer see

BY BERNARD WICKSTEED

CHINA is not much of a place for the tourist just now. There are too many people shooting at each other. All that a flying traveller can do is to have a glimpse of it through some little peephole, such as Hongkong.

Even then, it is a disappointed and distorted view that the visitor gets—a glorified dockland Chinatown. What I wanted to see were mandarins, pagodas and willow patterns that happen to be the last day of the old year, you're two the following morning.

There is a reason for everything in China, however silly it sounds," said the sage. "When everyone's birthday falls on New Year's Day, you do not forget your wife's present."

It couldn't have been better on the spot. The walls were covered with silk dragons, and the sage himself was dressed, just it ought to have been, in a silk gown and round black hat. He had a straggling beard and Chinese moustache so like a piece of stage property that I wanted to pull it to see if it was stuck on with gum. But he was genuine all right, and as we drank green tea at a low lacquered table he talked about birth, marriage and death in China far from the ports and the firing line.

In China, you are a day old the day you're born, and that mother and child at time of birth. Next they rub on you raw onion to make you intelligent. This is an elaborate pun, as "onion" and the word "clever" sound the same in Chinese.

The first party is when you're a month old. This is a practical move, as infant mortality is high, and they like to know you'll live before spending money on a party. Hundreds of bowing servant showed us through door after door, and in each room we went through the furnishings became more and more luxurious, until we reached the room of rooms.

Red is a sign of joy in China—a

GINGER RUB

When you're three days old, they rub your tummy with green ginger to keep the devils out (ginger has astringent qualities that are useful to both mother and child at time of birth). Next they rub on you raw onion to make you intelligent. This is an elaborate pun, as "onion" and the word "clever" sound the same in Chinese.

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This story cuts into the continuity of the series by the Man with Round the World Air Ticket No. 1 to bring you his second dispatch from Hongkong. It is being published on the same day in London.



fact, said the sage, that the Chinese Communists have not been slow to exploit. Some Western doctors, believe red has definite psychological properties.

If you are a boy, your mother will give you earrings to wear, making you girl-like. This, said the sage without a smile, is because it is a well-known fact in China that devils prefer baby boys to girls. (More boys are born but more die in babyhood, therefore the devils must like them better).

And so, thanks to onions, earnings and ginger, you reach the age of four or five, and your parents look at you out of the corner of the eye and mutter, "It is high time that boy got betrothed." Reason—for this hatred, they say, is because of getting the most suitable girl before she is snatched up.

So they call in a marriage broker. His stock in trade is a list of possible brides. The most important that the girl is born in the right year. Chinese years have animals' names. Last year was the year of the Rat; this is the year of the Ox. Now, it would never do for an Ox-year girl to marry a Rat-man. She'd lead him an awful life. But the other way round is all right, because then the animal of the man's year dominates and keeps the wife in her place.

Eventually the right girl is chosen, and you are betrothed. And in due course, when you've grown up a bit more, the wedding day is fixed.

BRIDAL TEARS

ON her last night at home, the bride is supposed to go to her room and cry her little heart out. This is reasonable, as she is going into a strange house, a husband who may never have been seen, and a family of in-laws who are entitled to treat her like a servant.

Her parents must provide everything for the couple's use—clothes, furnishings, crockery, everything. The whole lot is paraded through the streets in a procession—every cup, every saucer, every little garment displayed. So you can imagine what the other girls say it had hasn't done her proud.

It is all a question of economics. The bride's father will have one, less money to feed the bridegroom's father will have one more. So it's only fair.

Wedding invitations are accompanied by a stamped envelope. The most keeps the towel, each half of the sweets and returns the rest.

A useful thing to know in China is that you must send gifts. Gifts in such a form that half is returnable. This is a practical method of making everyone happy. You send two dried fish to a friend. He returns one. So you both have a present. If the shopkeeper is kind he gives you your money back on the spare fish, and it can then be used again by someone else as a present.

"Velly good idea," said the sage.

WHAT A PARTY!

NOW for the wedding party itself—and boy, what a party! It goes on for three days.

There is a reason for this too. It gives the bride a chance to get to know her new family and friends.

The host has an understudy to drink for him. Etiquette says he must drain his glass with every guest but also keep sober. As there are often hundreds of guests this is impossible, so he employs an understudy who need not keep sober.

"I employ velly good drunkard for my parties," said the sage.

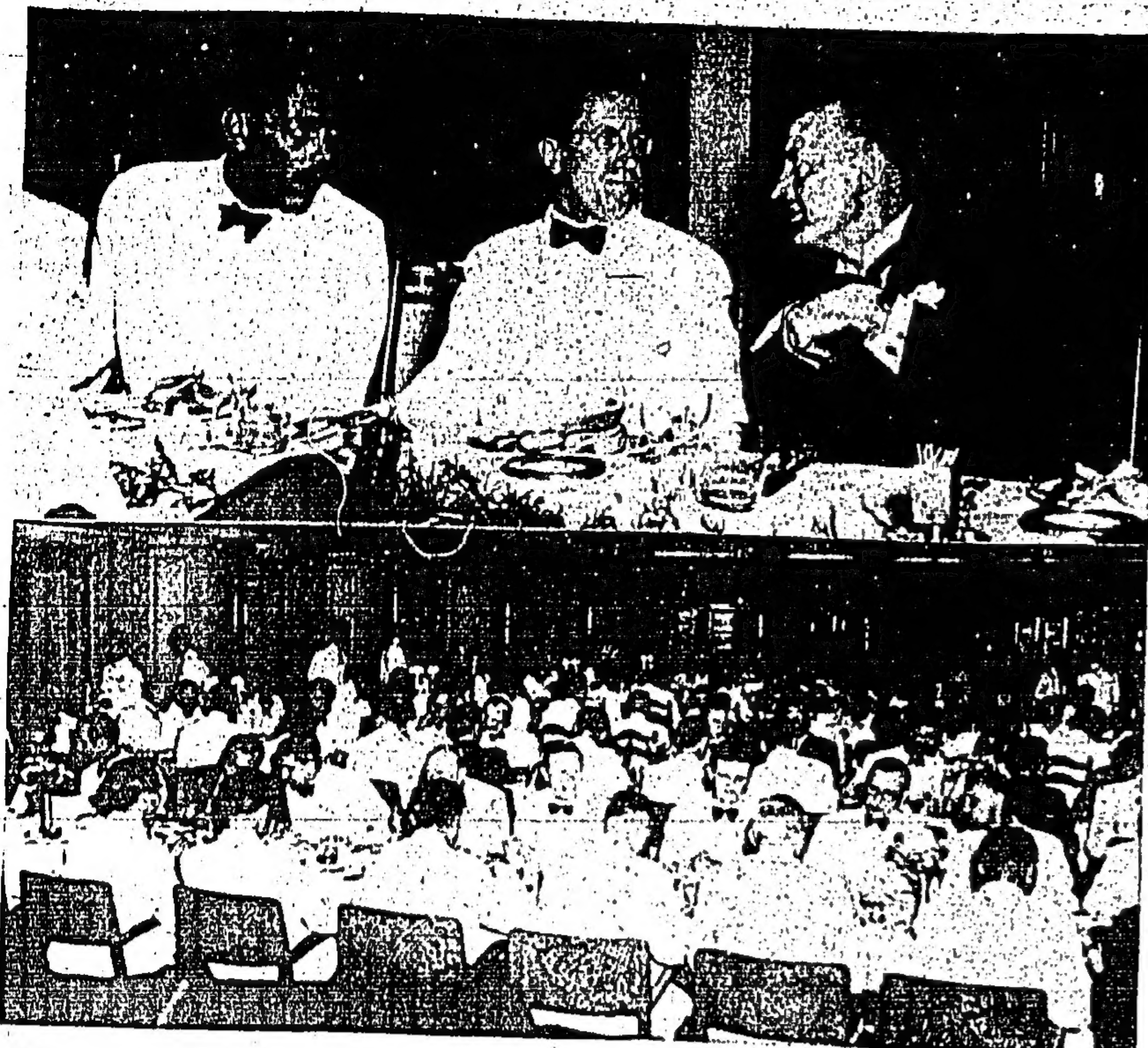
Part of the fun at any good wedding is teasing the bride. Reason: she looks her best when blushing.

The actual ceremony consists mostly of bowing before pictures and names of ancestors on the wall—Grandad, Great-Grandad, Uncle Tom, Cob Li, and all.

"And so," said the wise man, pouring us another cup of tea, "you live velly happy till you go to the next world and become an ancestor yourself."

As the sage from Hongkong bowed us out, I felt I had really had an hour in the heart of China. Returning to the European hotel, I was taking the signal light which was being lit (God Save The King).

(London Express Service)



THE second annual dinner of the Engineering Society of Hongkong was held in the Hongkong Hotel last week. Here is a general scene of the gathering. On top is a section of the official table, showing (from right) HE the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, Mr W. L. E. Miller, President of the Society, and the Hon. D. F. Landale. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



THE former Chinese Ambassador to Moscow, Dr Fu Ping-chang, speaking at a tea party given in his honour on Tuesday by the Hongkong University Alumni Association. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



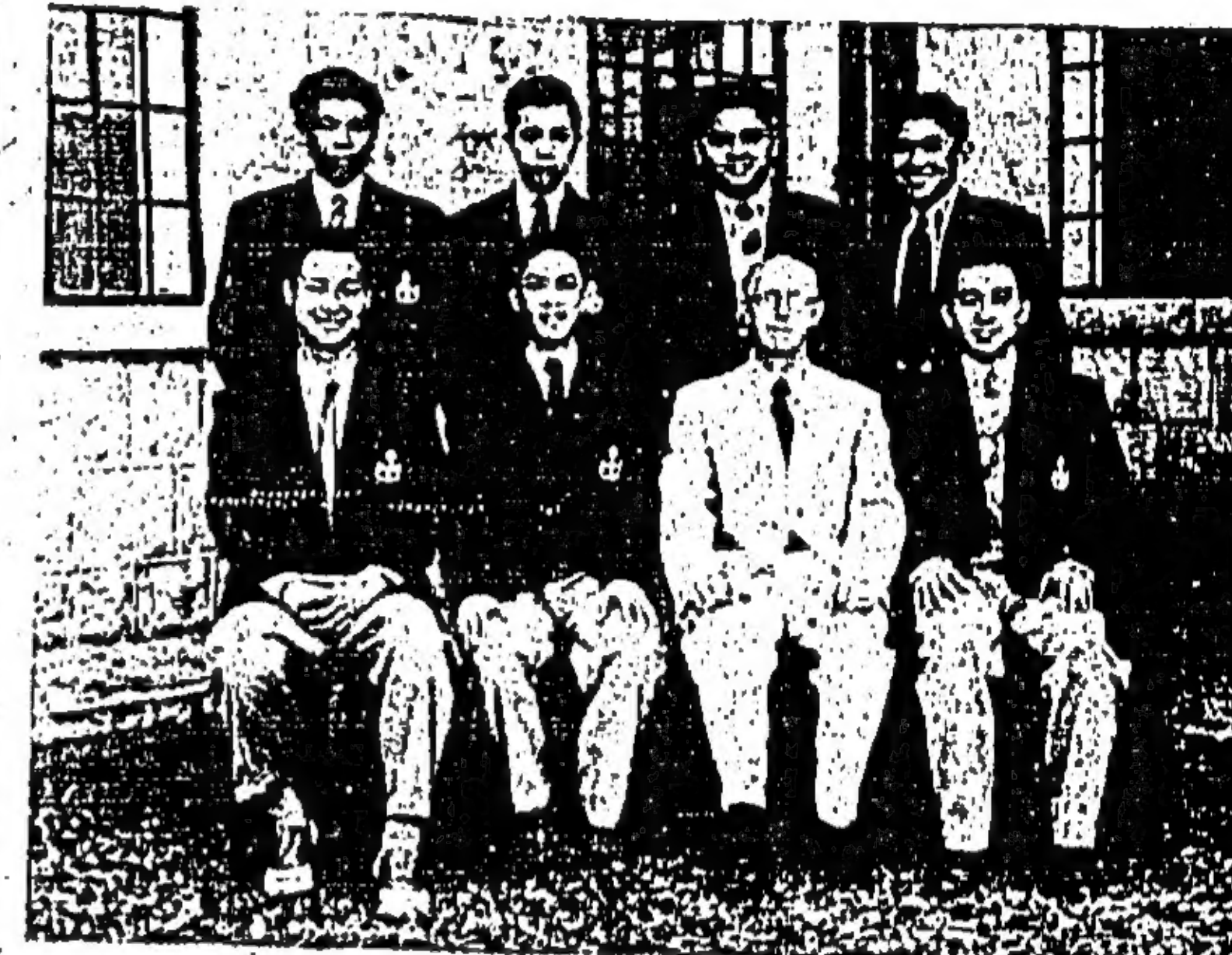
ABOVE and at left are two pictures taken at the medical examination of recruits for the Hongkong Defence Force held at the Queen Mary Hospital on Wednesday. Attestation of recruits later took place at HKDF Headquarters. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR John Percival Proettojohn and Miss Joan Loretta Ip leaving St Andrew's Church after their wedding last Saturday. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



THE wedding of the week at St John's Cathedral was that of Miss Veronica Joyce-Walker to Mr Douglas Roland Bland, which took place on Tuesday. At right, the newlyweds are photographed with their attendants after the ceremony. Above, Mr Bland helps his bride to cut the cake at the reception. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



CANON E. W. L. Martin, (second from right, seated), Headmaster of St Stephen's Boys' College, photographed with the Prefects of the school for this year. (Ming Yuen)



LEFT: Mr Tiburcio C. Bajo, Consul for the Philippines, and other Filipino residents at the memorial service held at the Catholic Cathedral for Dona Aurora Quizon and others killed in a bandit ambush in the Philippines recently. (Roy Tsang)

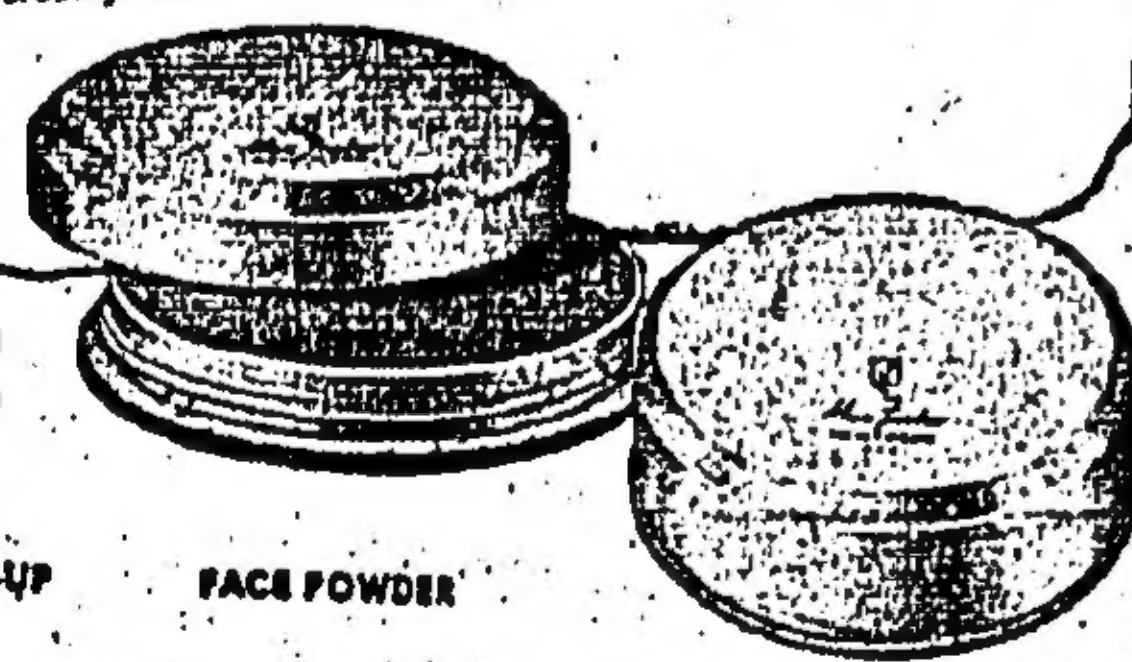


ATHLETES of the South China Athletic Association, who won the triangular sports meet at Carroll Hill last Sunday. The Army and the Royal Air Force also took part. (Golden Studio)

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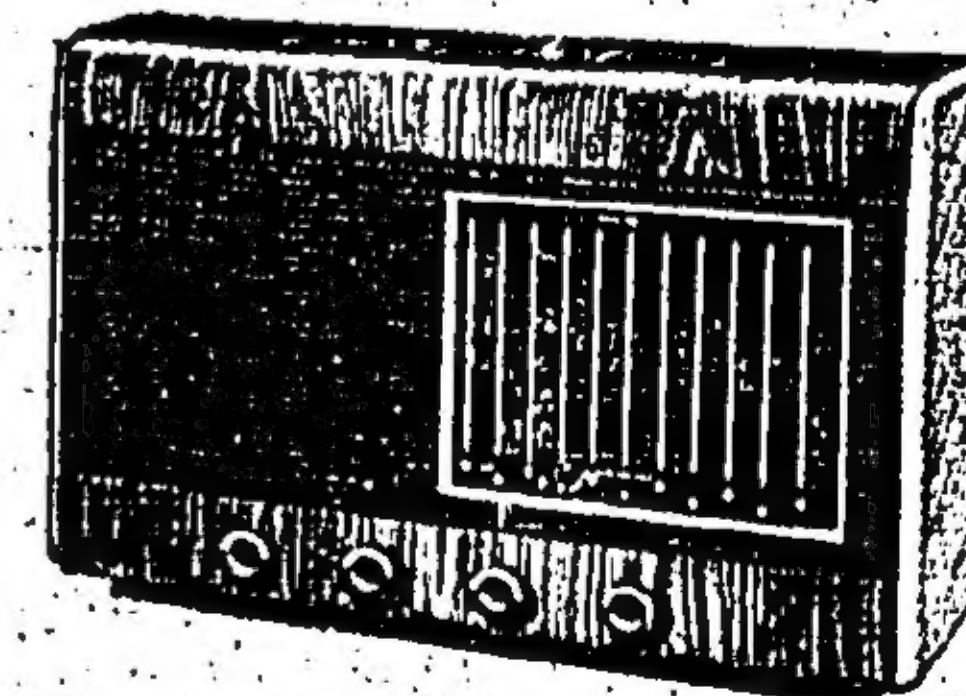


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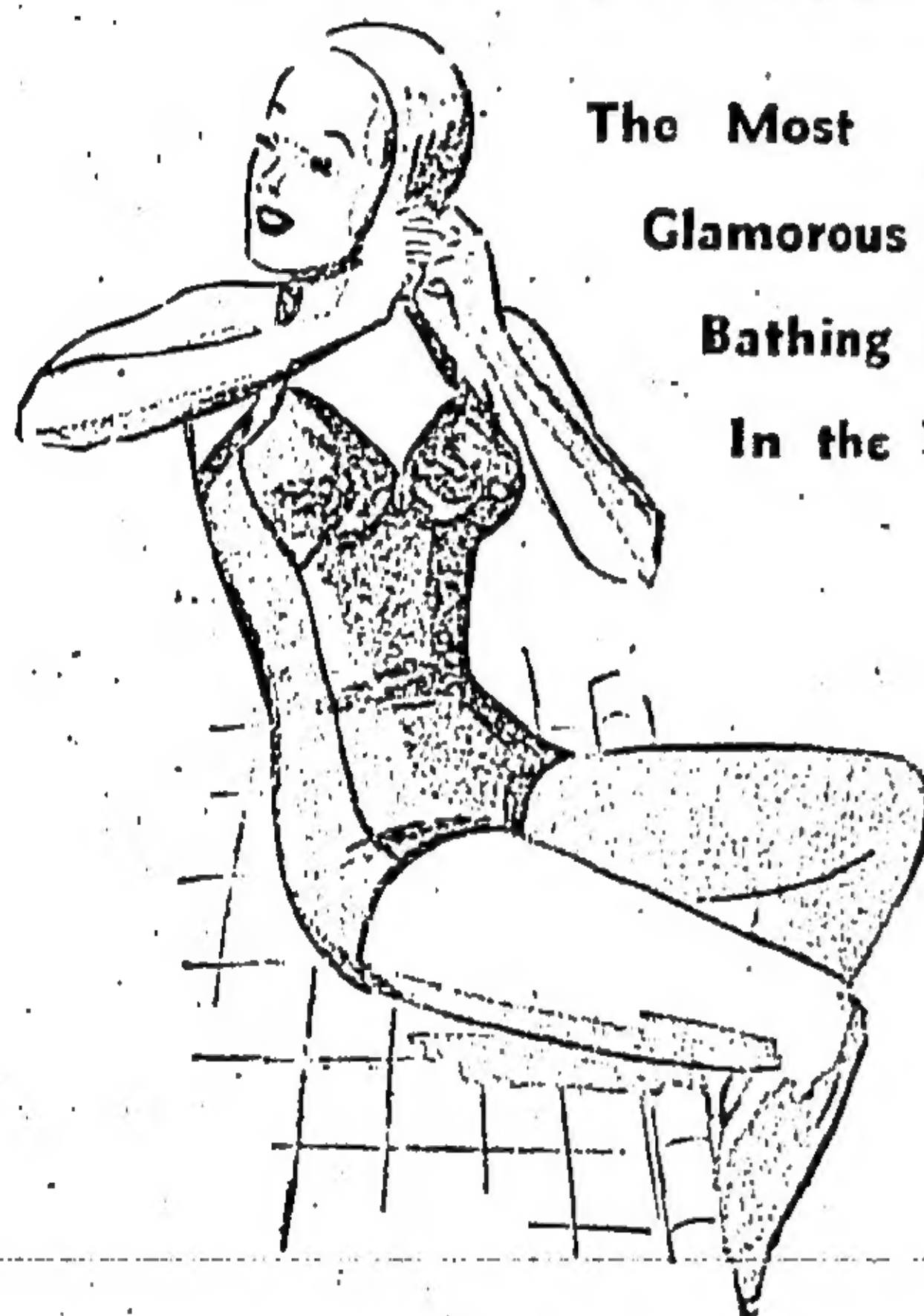
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TONE UP

This way—it's easy

Exercises to tone up
your figure. And
everything you need
can be found in the
home. So no excuses!

THE daily half-dozen—much despised, perhaps because they cost nothing—are still the best way to tone up the muscles, pep up the circulation, and correct your curves.

They are a "must" for anyone.

1 DOORWAY STRETCH: Put your feet together, your back against the door frame. Now cross your arms behind your back and hold the woodwork. Let yourself drop forward until your arms are straight. Arch your back, and let your head hang backwards. Relax, stand up again, ease your fingers, then repeat the movement.

2 CHAIR BEND: Place your right foot on a kitchen chair, and bend your body slowly over the left leg. Keep your right arm close to the head. Repeat with the other foot.

3 WALL STRETCH: Stand an arm's length away from the wall, your hands flat on the wall at shoulder level. Bend your arms and see if you can touch the wall with your chest. Keep your head up.

4 PILLOW LIFT: Get flat on your back and stretch out your legs. Hold a pillow between your feet. Raise your legs slowly from the floor, still gripping the pillow. Lower your legs again, keeping knees straight. The exercise is less than half as good if you lower the legs quickly.

5 WALL FLOWER: Get as close to the wall as you can, with your body at right-angles to it,



If you are pressed for time—choose any three exercises and alternate them daily with any of the others.



and your knees drawn under your chin. The wall with little steps, crawled up like a climbing flower. Keep on "walking" until your back is off the floor. Draw your legs back again by back-peddalling very slowly.



6 BATH BEND: This one is excellent after a bath. Perch on the edge of the bath, with your legs pushed out forwards and sideways. Keep your heels on the floor and hands straight. Throw your arms above your head, keep your tummy in, and bend forward and touch your toes.

Similar exercises, and many others popularised in America by Veronica Dengel, are to be published soon in Britain by Faber and Faber.

(London Express Service)

Script roll bonnet in black, piped with velvet to tone, and trimmed simply with velvet bow. Designed by Aage Thaarup.



THE HATS OF A PRINCESS

By Joan Erskine

London, April 20. **A** AGE THAARUP, who returned from a visit to Copenhagen last Friday, spent a hectic week-end designing the hats Princess Margaret is wearing during her visit to Italy.

I called at his showroom on Tuesday, just in time to see Princess Margaret's "sight-seeing" hat before it was whisked away to be packed, en route to the Palace. It was a simple large-brimmed white straw—the only large hat she is taking.



Cocktail hat, helmet shaped with asymmetrical movement, carried out in black feathers and trimmed with three marguerites. Designed by Aage Thaarup.

Mr Thaarup told me about some of the other hats she will wear. They are small, cloche shapes, asymmetrical, with brims dipping slightly towards the right side, as she parts her hair on the left.

For cocktail and restaurant wear she will have a tiny smooth-fitting black cloche—almost helmet-like. She has tried to keep the number of hats down to a minimum, and in several cases one hat will match two dresses.

Another interesting point is the Princess's size. It is well known that she is extremely petite, but, according to Aage Thaarup, "her head is simply minute!" He continued: "She always chooses clothes with tiny waists, you know, and bouffant skirts, so I have designed for her very small close-fitting hats—all very youthful."

(London Express Service)

Another type is "bobbed" all over, giving an appearance of flower heads. A most unusual "wig" hat is made of black horse-hair carefully worked to give the appearance of hair. It fits closely, coils in a smooth roll down one side, and sports a scarlet rose. A hat for a Spanish fiesta—light as a feather, and romantic as a mantilla.

A tiny cloche in soft pink bobby straw, which pulls well down over the hair, and a dainty hat with a flurry of snowdrops as trimming, are as pretty as a spring day. A smooth shiny navy straw is lined beneath the brim with white grosgrain. Broderie anglaise lines a brim and is cleverly cut into tiny stiffened flowers to decorate another hat. Alternate layers of black and natural straw were used to make another small neat shape. Some of the Swiss straw was made into flowers for trimming, with strands as fine as gossamer.

For Ascot and important race days, we were told, the hat must very definitely dip to the side, whether it be large or small. A white smooth straw, with clusters of yellow and white flowers, touched with crimson, made a smooth clean line right across the forehead. The flowers dipped right to the side.

Illustrated are two of Aage Thaarup's latest creations. This famous designer from Denmark has firmly established himself in London as a creator of extremely original and distinctive hats. He has a very definite idea behind all his collections—a theme which he carries out with great care, and his reputation is world-wide.

One is his popular cocktail hat—helmet shaped with asymmetrical movement. It is carried out in black feathers and trimmed with three marguerites—white, yellow and black. The smooth shape accentuates the face in a highly flattering way. The other is a script roll bonnet done in black straw piped with velvet to tone, and trimmed simply with a velvet bow. This is one of his Ascot hats. It veers right away from the usual line, and is a forerunner of the type of hat which may rival the cloche this summer.

FASHION NOTES

WEAR—with your prettiest hat—Pearls. They are still top favourites in the jewellery world. L.S. Mayer shows twisted chokers of steel grey and pink pearls, grey and white ones, pear shaped drops, and a very attractive wide patterned pearl necklace which falls in a curved collar.

SCATTER tiny dragon flies and minute elephants profusely over your lapel or collar.

ADAPT an American idea for summer, and twist long strands of tiny gold and white beads into fat chokers to wear with a light summer dress.

STRIKE a severe note with gold and silver plated plastic ornaments like ancient Celtic jewellery, which have the effect of polished pewter.

JINGLE a few heavy old coins from your belt. You will find it is fairly easy to get them gilded to add sparkle to your quieter dresses.

(London Express Service)

Beach fashions will startle the crowds

by HELEN ASCROFT

LONDON. **B**EACH fashions from the Paris summer collections are brilliant in colour, crazy in design.

Schlaparelli shows black linen trunks and boleros, fringed with wool, worn with a topee. Black satin bathing dresses are fastened up the back with mother-of-pearl buttons.

Bruyere features a white linen tunic, trimmed with turtan, over turtan slacks; also blue and white gingham smock over short tan trousers.

Marcel Rochas presents yellow linen "gauche" trousers buttoned on to a shirt blouse and black cotton tigrane strapless petticoats with matching trunks.

Jean Desses uses maize colour and navy blue for many beach outfits; blouses have long stoles from the waist to swathe as belts or across the shoulders as scarves.

Molyneux introduces chokers of egg-sized pearls to be worn with sunsets.

E22 TROUSSEAU

FOR readers whose figures are not fashion-plate but who still want stylish styles I have collected a holiday trousseau.

It will take you to town, beach or dining and dancing. Included is a tailored "linette" dress in larkspur blue with a flecked navy spot. It has elbow-length sleeves front buttoning panel, attractive scalloped shoulder trimming and white touches at the neck.

The coat is a navy edge-to-edge, in light wool with scalloped top and waist tie. Suit is in straw colour "linette" with open design, collar and pocket lapel in light navy. Jacket is belted with long sleeves.

For evening or afternoon a polka-dot two-piece. In light navy and white, with white collar jumper top has three-



PIRATE PANTS in black linen along with gold coins... worn with white linen shirt and pirate scarf too.

quarter sleeves and pleted basque. All these clothes are young and smart, but hip sizes go up to 50in, and 60in. for the coat.

THEY ARE WEARING

IN FLORIDA, fishwife skirts in brilliant hand-blocked cotton, with fullness caught up in front like a fishwife's apron.

IN PARIS, white plique boleros over day-evening frocks and plique waistcoats with suits.

IN ESTORIL, one-piece bathing costumes with high tops and skirts. (You can be fined £5 on the spot for exposing a bare midriff or too much bosom.)

IN NEW YORK, men's washable suits of a new cotton cloth.

IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE, pirate pants by Pierre Balmain in black linen hung with gold coins.

IDEAS DEPT.

BRAINWAVE from the beauty world comes in the form of "Thick and Thin" lipsticks. Set consists of an ordinary lipstick in gilt case with a baby brother "outliner" in a matching case, joined together by a smart gilt chain. In seven shades, set costs 7s. 9d.

* * *

LATEST interior decorating colour schemes feature dark wall shades and one-colour themes. Dark green—walls—off white carpet, oyster-white ceiling and curtains navy blue walls, panels for pictures in off-white, in navy and white, off-white curtains and rugs.

KREMLIN TOUCH

SOMETHING nice to eat. Walnuts preserved in honey are Stalin's favourite delicacy. Crack 1lb. of good walnuts and divide in halves. Scald with boiling water to remove skins, strain and dry. Melt ½lb. honey with ¼ pint of water and bring slowly to the boil. Drop the walnuts into syrup and simmer until soft. (Recipe comes from a fascinating series of foreign cookery books.)

(London Express Service)

Scarves for windy days

By CHERRY MARSHALL

FEW women can go hatless on a windy day without looking untidy.

Scarves for your hair tied with the new fashionable twists can look attractive.

Silk, fine wool, and cotton tie and drape more easily than material with a shiny surface.

Scarves made from satin slip their knot and lose shape. Artificial flowers and fruit are attractive fastened to the side of a turban, but use them moderately.

Make your own scarf with a length of grey jersey, white pique, checked gingham, or striped taffeta.

Avoid excessive exposure to strong sunlight. A protective cream will act as a sun filter and allow tanning to take place gradually and safely.

Skin tissue is affected by ultra-violet rays even in the absence of sunshine.



Above: Use a long straight scarf for this style. Drape the ends to one side. Left: Use a square scarf. Tie it like a nurse's cap.

Tone down on make-up. Heavy powdering tends to show up wrinkles and skin blemishes under strong light.

The present trend towards soft, feminine colours in make-up is particularly becoming in the open air.

Lilac-toned lipsticks and rouges are flattering to all com-

plexions. Eye-shadow and mascara are inappropriate for sunshine.

Although a greasy complexion will wear well out of doors, keep it toned-up by mixing a teaspoonful of eau-de-Cologne with the water in your wash-basin, patting it into the face as a mild astringent.

For evenings, use brighter colours that stand up well to artificial light. That means crimson lipstick instead of pinks and orange-reds.

Don't use cream under a powder base if the evening is warm or includes dancing. The heat will make the grease shine through and cause the powder to cake.

If wearing off-the-shoulder dresses, and you tend to be balding, your face and neck need treatment with bleaching creams.

Toilet vinegar or eau-de-Cologne massaged into the palms and fingers prevent them getting sticky.

Nylon lashes are now available. They are brushed up with your own lashes when applying mascara, and look real.

(London Express Service)

Stop Worrying About Teeth

Modern dentists are now warning: don't worry about losing teeth, or you probably will. In fact, don't worry! Many persons are losing teeth because of excess worry.

Dr. Merrill Swenson, professor of dentistry at the University of Oregon, advises people to take it easy.

The dental professor explained that when people worry, they grit and clench teeth. That, he said, weakens surrounding bone and leaves space for decay.

But Swenson said he wasn't going to worry about other people losing their teeth. He wants to keep his.

Be Careful!

You'll have to be careful when disposing of an old fluorescent lamp.

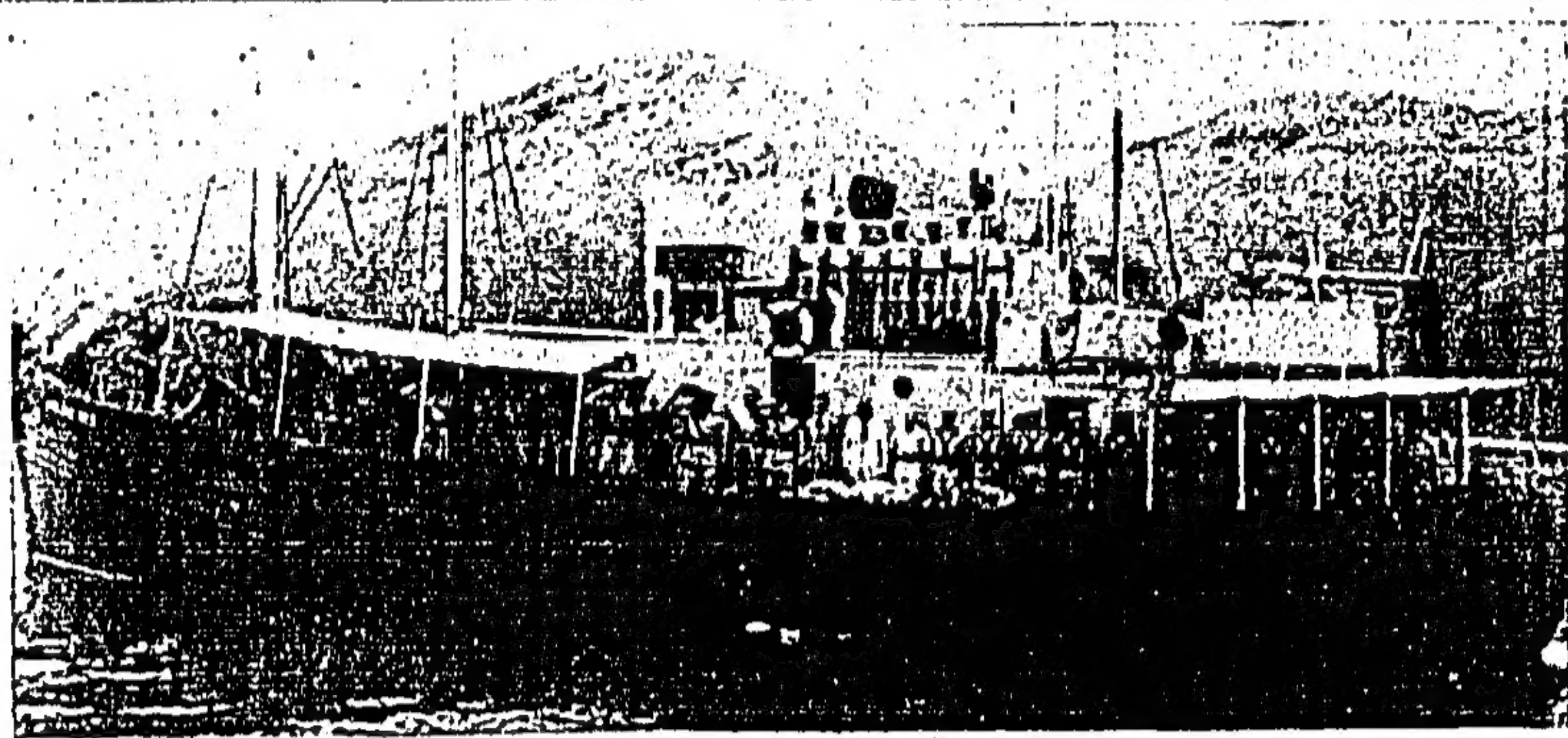
If glass from a broken fluorescent lamp cuts a person, months may pass before the cut heals.

The beryllium phosphate in a coating on the inside of the tube is considered to be the cause of the infection.

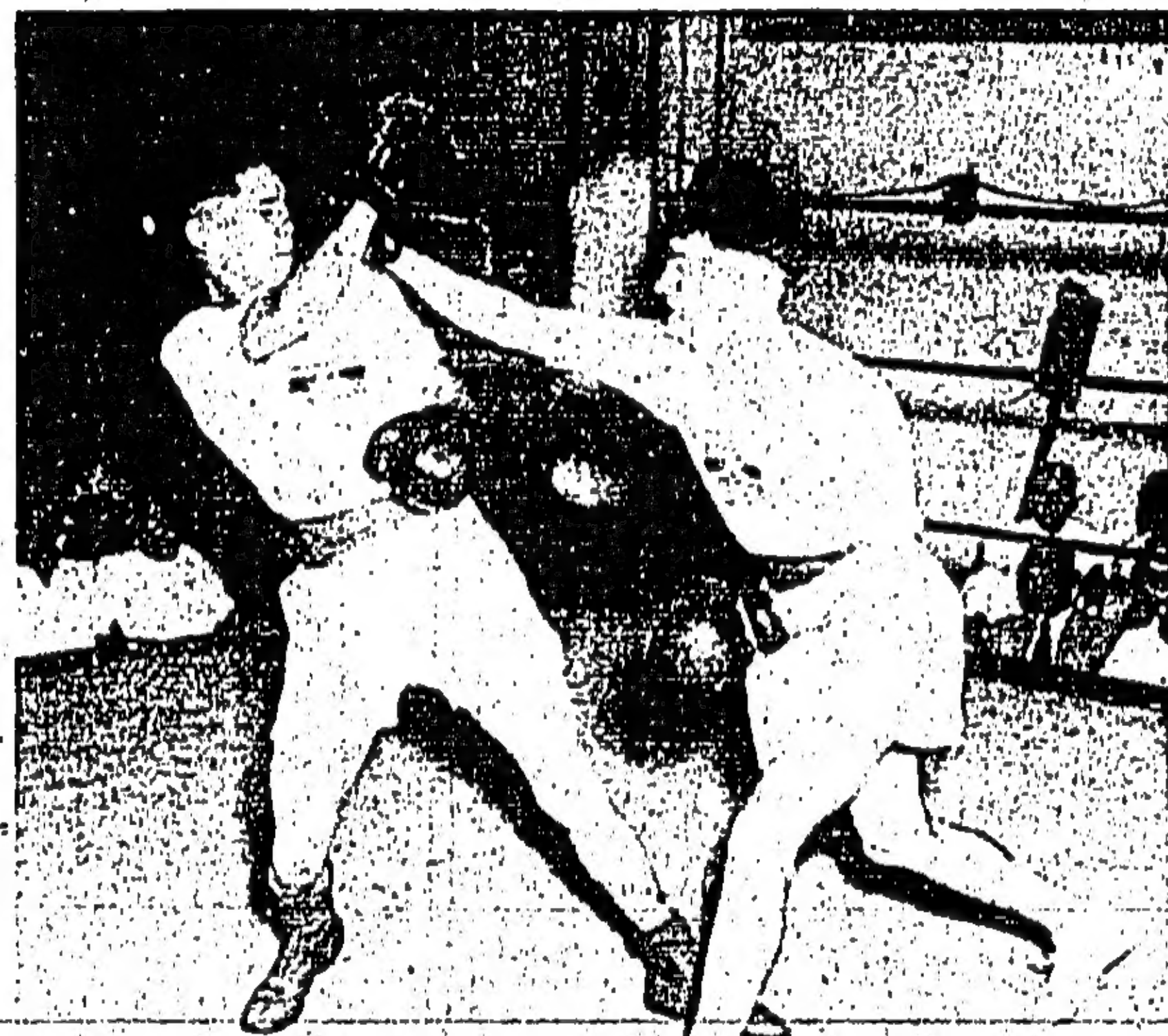
ONE of the most brutal crimes perpetrated in Hongkong since the war was the cold-blooded murder, as they lay asleep on board a Police launch in Port Shelter last week, of two European Police officers and a Chinese detective. Here are two pictures of the impressive funeral last Sunday of Inspector R. F. C. Olivier and Sub-Inspector L. Haynes. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR Walter Duncan with his bride, formerly Miss Sheila Borras, who were married at the Registry last Saturday. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



THE ceremony on Monday, when the ashes of the late Inspector R. F. C. Olivier were scattered in New Territories waters. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



TWO photos taken at the finals of the inter-Services boxing competition at the China Fleet Club on Tuesday. Above: L/C MacGregor lands one on Pto Kearney's nose in the bantam-weight bout. The former won on points. Left: Gunner Trant, who won in the middleweight division, receiving his prize from Air Commodore A. D. Davies. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



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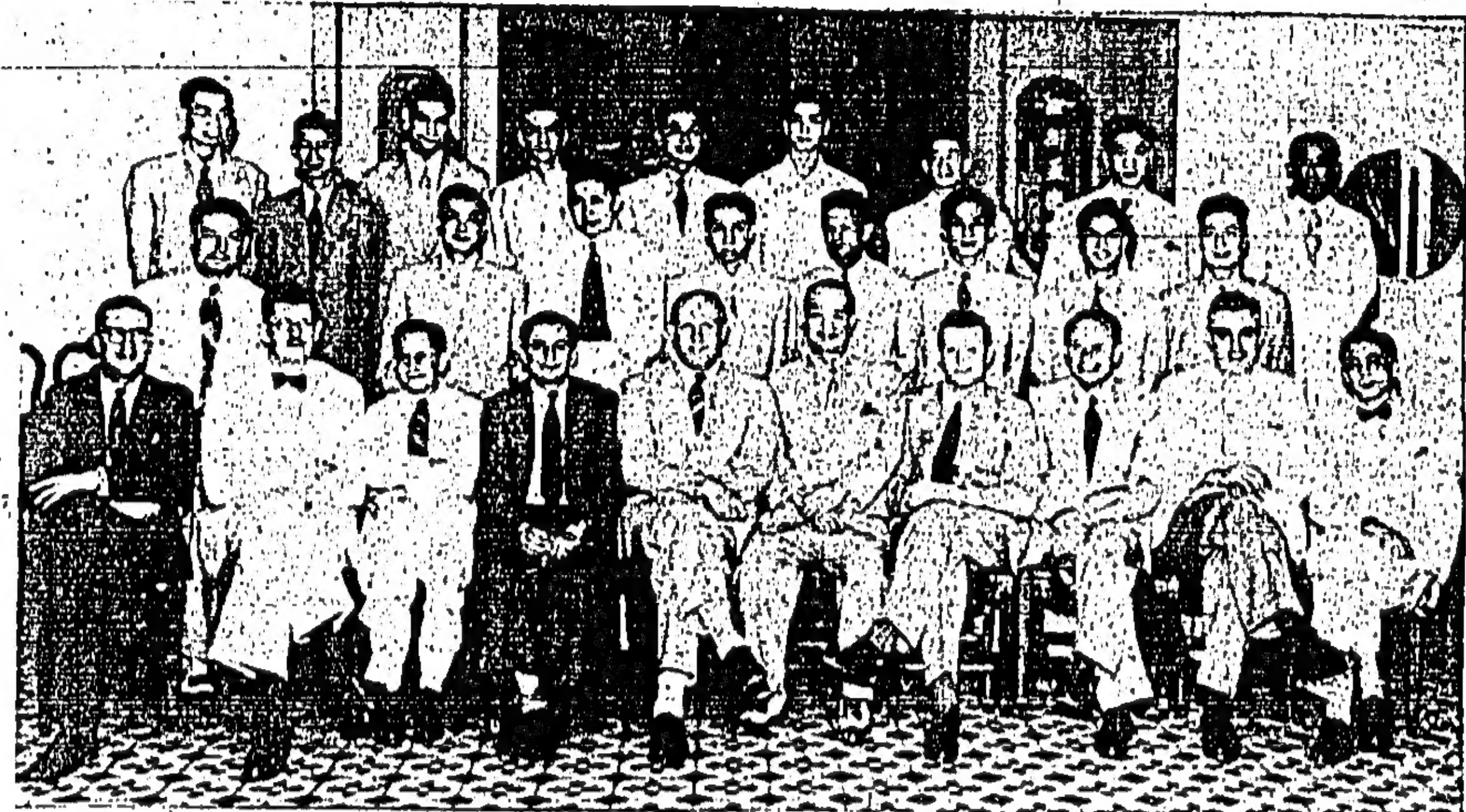


PICTURE taken after the christening at St. Teresa's Church last Saturday of Mario Joseph Wilfred, son of Mr and Mrs Thompson Loo. (Ming Yuen)

LEFT: Kalinka Smith, daughter of Mr and Mrs A. W. Smith, and friends who attended the fancy dress party given on her eight birthday. (Roy Tsang)



MR Paul V. McNutt (in picture on right), former U.S. Ambassador to the Philippines, was the guest of honour at a cocktail party given by the C. V. Starr interests in the Hongkong Hotel on Monday. At left, Sir Shouson Chow photographed with Mr R. A. Kroulen at the same party. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

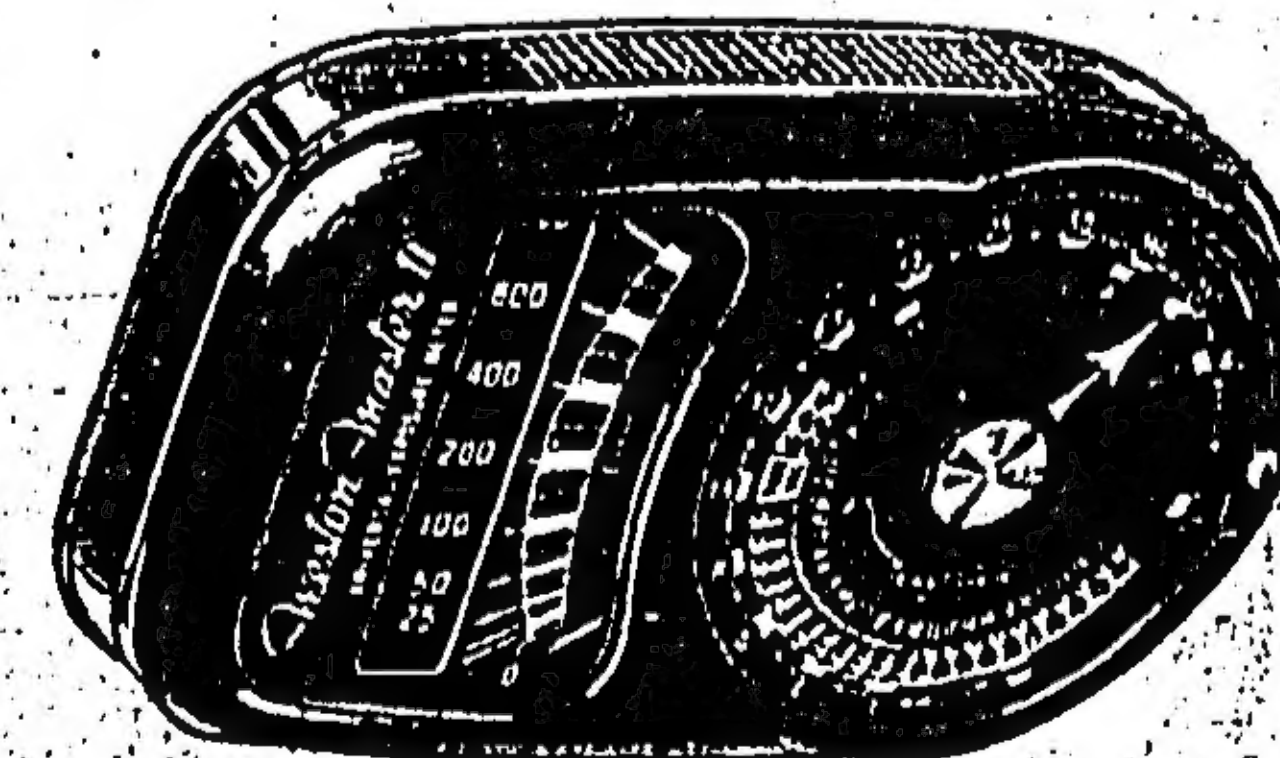


GROUP photo taken at the annual staff dinner of the British General Electric Co., Ltd., held at the Kam Ling Restaurant. (Ming Yuen)



GROUP picture taken after the marriage at the Registry on Wednesday of Mr Chan Siu-in and Miss Chan Ying. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

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Continuing the extracts from 'THE WOODEN HORSE,' the greatest escape story

A SHIP AT LAST!

Smuggled out of Germany : We slip aboard under the noses of the Germans : Hidden behind a sliding panel

Escaping from the German prison camp Stalag Luft III, Peter Howard and John Clinton have reached Stettin, a port on the Baltic, and are trying to slip aboard a ship for Sweden.

They are disguised as French workers and have been in Stettin six days. They have made contacts with the 'underground' at a French prison camp—two boys who learned them passes to enter the Reitherwerder coaling dock, and an English-speaking French barber who has promised to find them a ship.

It is late October 1943.

by ERIC WILLIAMS, M.C.
the 'Peter Howard' of the story, John Clinton is in real life Michael Codner, M.C.

THE lack of food and constant strain were having their effect. Peter and John fluctuated between extremes of caution and recklessness, and as their moods did not always coincide they spent most of the time urging one another in opposite directions.

They managed to book a room for one night at the Hotel Sack, a modern hotel and steam-heated.

John took one of the passes and set out for the Reitherwerder coaling station.

Peter stayed behind. He locked his door and spent the whole day "forging" two passes similar to those they had been loaned.

It was finicky work. They were not good; but they would do. Then he fell asleep.

When John reached the coaling station it was almost dark.

LET THROUGH But no ships

HE showed his pass and the sentry let him through. There were no ships berthed alongside the quay.

He hung around for some time anxious to find out whether a sentry was posted. Then he went back into the town.

Casually, he dropped into a cafe. There was a barber at the French camp who had promised to assist them.

"At last I have found you," said the barber. "Here is Pierre, I think he will help."

John shook hands with Pierre, who said: "I have a friend who is going to Sweden in a Danish boat. I do not know how he is going or why."

"If you will come with me now perhaps he will help you."

"What camp were you in?" "Stalag Luft Three."

"What regiment?" "I cannot tell you that."

"When were you captured?" "December 17, 1942."

"Where?" "Africa."

"Were you in a tank?" "No. On a motor cycle."

"What make?" "B.S.A."

"Were you wounded?" "In the arm."

"Show me."

John began to remove his coat.

"No. Do not show me. You look tired. Two years is a long time to be a prisoner of war."

"I was only there for one year."

"Of course."

There was a silence. They stood facing one another. How can I help him, John thought. It must be, damn difficult for them, but how can I trust them?

"What are your mother's christian names?" "Mary Elizabeth."

"What does your father call her?" "Betty."

"Have you a garden?" "Yes."

"What flowers grow in it?" "Roses, lupins, pansies, geraniums."

"Have you a car?" "Yes."

"What make?" "Morris."

"Horse-power?" "Ten."

"Do you know London?" "Fairly well."

"What is the name of the statue in Piccadilly-circus?" "Eros."

"What is it famous for?" "Its flower-sellers."

"That is good. One more thing." He suddenly slapped John lightly across the face.

"What the devil..." John began.

All the Frenchmen laughed. The man called Andre said: "You have passed the test."

He turned to the short man. "He is British all right. I can vouch for that."

'OUR MAN' Rono to Rescue

ON the following evening Peter and John went to the Cafe d'Accord, searching for more contacts with the 'underground.'

A waitress came by with a tray full of glasses of beer. As she passed, a young Frenchman put his arm round her waist and began to speak in burlesque German.

"That's the man for us!" Peter said.

John looked at him. He was about 25, tall and powerful-looking, with a dark face and brown, angry eyes, a wide, full mouth, and tousled hair.

He looked as though he usually did as he pleased. A man to help you if he thought he wanted to help you.

When the Frenchman went out to the lavatory John followed. Presently they both came back. John beckoned Peter over and introduced the Frenchman as Rene.

He spoke no English, but Peter could tell by his voice he was going to help them.

Rene called for a round of drinks. "You must come back to my camp," he said. "You must hide away until we can find you a ship."

They shared Rene's bed in the camp that night, and he shared with another man.

They awakened early before it was light, when the Frenchmen dressed to go to work.

They shared their breakfast of bread and ersatz coffee and ersatz cigarettes when heard footsteps outside.

Rene tried to get them hidden under the beds, but before they could move the door burst open and a man stood panting inside the room.

It was the barber, and he spoke in French.

John turned to Peter. "He's fixed up for a boat to take us to Copenhagen."

"Copenhagen?" That's in Denmark.

"Yes."

"That's occupied by the Germans."

"I know."

"What the hell's the use of that?"

"Well, it's somewhere. Besides, it'll be easier to get to Sweden from Denmark than from here."

The Dane walked up the gangplank, crossed the deck and vanished down a companionway.

Peter followed and found himself in the fore-castle. The Dane motioned him to a seat without speaking and went out again.

Peter sat in the dark cabin waiting for John. He crossed to a porthole and looked out.

The German sentry had his back to the ship and was watching the Russians. John and the Dane were walking unconcernedly along the quay.

It's going to be O.K., he thought, we're going to make it.

Then John and the Dane were in the fore-castle and the three of them stood round the cast-iron stove, warming their hands.

"You will be home soon," the Dane said. "For Christmas may-be."

Peter looked at John. What had been a dream was becoming real.

What had seemed a fantastic shot against long odds was now a possibility. And the nearer they came to winning through the more nervous he became.

Then Peter came in. Peter was the crew boss and had been ashore.

He was a big man. His eyes were blue and bloodshot, and he smelled of schnapps. He was drunk, affectionately drunk.

"You boys will be all right now," Jim Petersen, see?

"Call me Pete. I see you all right. I fix everything. You don't have to worry now."

The rest of the crew came in, five altogether; they did not seem surprised that there were strangers in the fore-castle.

FRIED EGGS Feast with crew

Sigmund, the man who had brought them aboard, put on a heavy, knitted Scandinavian sea jersey, and assumed authority with it.

They all sat round the table drinking schnapps while the cabin boy fried eggs and bacon.

Peter was there trying to talk to Petersen until the boy placed a plate of eggs and bacon on the table in front of him.

He passed it to John and Petersen cut them thick slices of white bread. He sat watching them as they ate, eating quickly and thoroughly, and wiping their plates with bread when they had finished.

"You boys were hungry, eh?"

"Bloody hungry," said Peter.

They ate on the bunk while the crew made the ship ready for sea. About seven o'clock Petersen was called and the three of them went to the searchlight and the siren.

"Presently you go down in the bilge," he said. "We have another search at Swinemunde, and that's the last of Germany."



The author, Eric Williams.

"Are there many Germans in Copenhagen?" Peter asked.

"Sure, hundreds. You ask Sigmund. He'll tell you. He's a fire-eater."

"Is he one of the crew?"

"He's a contact man; for the 'underground.' He sails with us on a deckhand. He sails with us too long now. Soon he will be caught. He takes mighty big risks, that fellow."

Petersen slid aside a panel. Behind was a small cubby-hole formed in the extreme bows of the ship.

It was just large enough to hold the two of them. The walls were the steel walls of the ship, and they were cold, and water dripped from them.

'DON'T TALK' Hours of silence

PETERSEN passed them a wooden box to sit on, a torch, a bottle of water, an empty bottle, and a metal funnel as they squeezed in.

"You may be there some hours," he said. "Don't share the torch if you hear voices and don't speak unless I open the door."

"The Germans will come down here, but they won't use tear gas in the fore-castle. I give 'em a drink, see, so you keep very quiet—no don't smoke, or you cough. I fix 'em, I fix 'em good."

"If the dog comes down here I fix 'im, too. I got pepper."

He replaced the panel, leaving them in darkness. They stayed there for several hours, unable to talk and apprehensive of every step.

Once they heard the sound of military boots, the whining of a dog, and then German voices. Then there was silence.

Waves of coldness came from the wet steel hull, numbing their limbs and deadening their minds.

Escape is all coldness, Peter thought. Coldness and waiting. And by God it teaches you patience.

They heard the Germans come into the cabin. They heard the unnecessarily loud voice of Petersen, the laughter and the sound of a glass against a bottle.

Peter could feel John's tenseness as he crouched down beside him, listening.

Then he heard the Germans leaving, heard the triumphant note in Petersen's voice as he saw them out of the fore-castle, heard their feet tramping across the deck, and heard Petersen come back into the cabin to remove the panel.

"I got 'em," he said. "I fixed 'em. We have something to eat now, then I hide you down below. The German guard, look, look, here! See?"

He took them over to a porthole. There was a German soldier standing at the bottom of the gangplank. "When we sail he come with us as far as Swinemunde. Then you can come up here."

HE got them more sandwiches of dry bread and bacon and led them down through a trap-door in the floor of the fore-castle on to the deck below, down through another trapdoor; forward and down through another trapdoor; and forward again into the bilge where the anchor chain was stored.

"Be careful of the chain," he said, "when the anchor goes down. It goes down at Swinemunde."

"When it goes down you know you won't have to wait long." He went back up the ladder.

They found a canvas sea-anchor and made themselves a bed. It was cold—colder than it had been in the cubby-hole—but they could move and stamp their feet and brat their arms across their backs to keep them warm.

Peter fell asleep. He was awakened by the slowing-down of the engines, and they knew that they had reached Swinemunde.

They crouched as far away as they could from the anchor chain. Then the anchor went down, the chain plunging and kicking like a wild animal as it crashed around in the small compass of the locker.

It stopped. There was deathly silence in the locker.

This is the last check, Peter thought. They lay listening to the leaping of the water and imagining the plot and the guard leaving the ship.

Then the anchor came up and the engines started again. Peter and John began to move, and they knew that they were free.

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UNITED FRONT

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Gandhi's autobiography just published in England reveals — THE MAKING of a SAINT

NOTHING is more fascinating than to be shown the unsuspected beginnings of human greatness. The genius and the saint nearly always exhibit in childhood certain portents, yet they are almost perversely misleading, we can never be humanly wise until after the event.

In the account of his life which Gandhi wrote more than 20 years ago and which has now appeared in Britain in English translation, the outline emerges of a man formed and destined from boyhood to be a saint.

The material capable of producing this phenomenon seems to be much the same now as in the Middle Ages. It must include a passion for renunciation, as strong as other men's more ordinary passions and so urgent a sense of eternal values that there can be no compromise with the world and its glittering away. Simplicity must be achieved, at whatever cost, to set the soul free for its real concerns.

The Story Of My Experiences With Truth. Phoenix Press, 21s.

MOHANDAS KARAMCHAND GANDHI
Born near Ahmedabad 1869 to middle-class merchant parents; called to Bar in London 1891; lived 23 years in South Africa; led Indian Nationalist movement 1914-18; war; assassinated, New Delhi, Jan. 30, 1948.



by Margaret Lane

use if the ascetic is not to become a tyrant or a crank. The vitality which other men expend on a thousand different pleasures and concerns, and his immense human tenderness, Gandhi devoted to the service of the Indian people.

CELIBACY

The vow of celibacy which he took in middle life was taken with a purpose, because "it became my conviction that procreation and the consequent care of children are inconsistent with public service." (Aware to what a very great degree we are conditioned by what we eat, Gandhi says: it

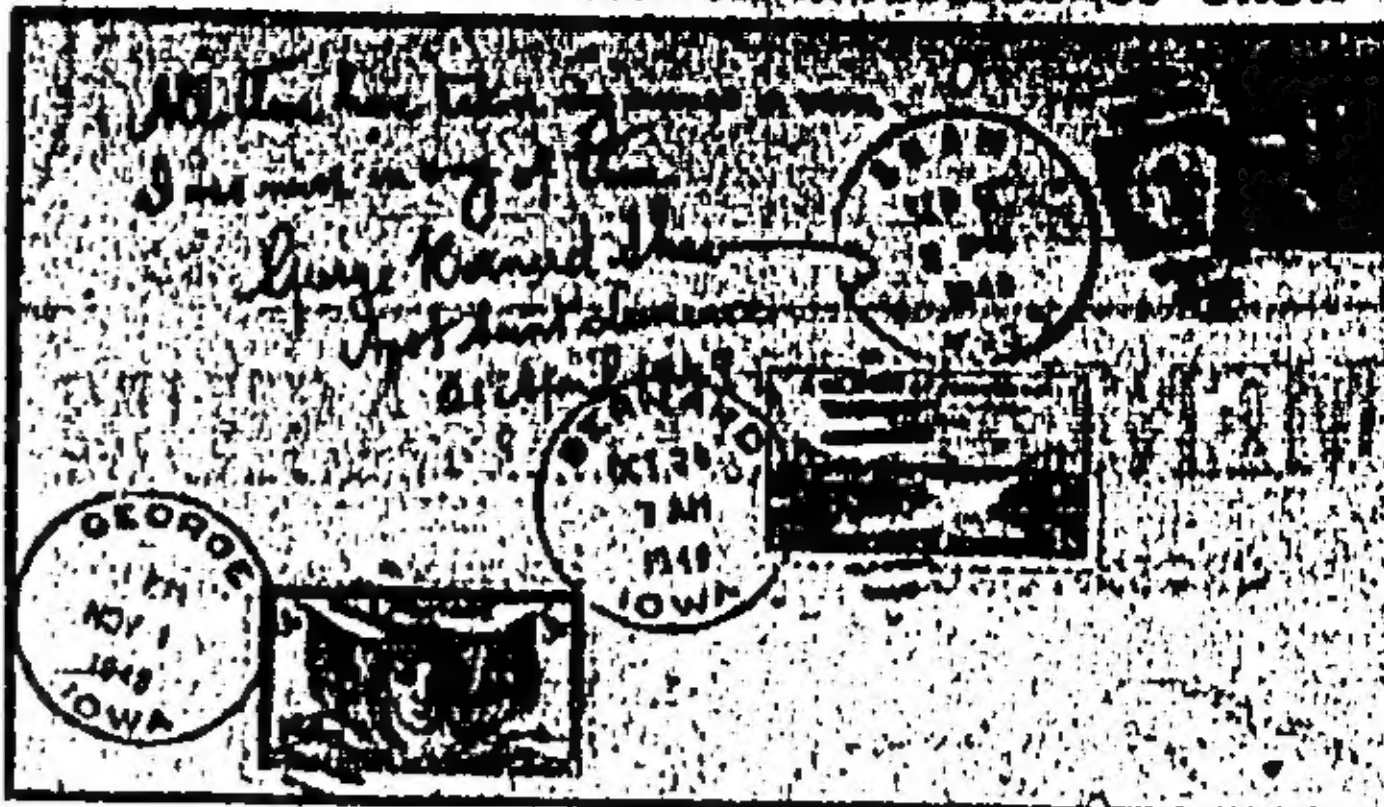
down for the guidance of others that he found celibacy easy on diet of fruit and nuts alone; as soon as he took to drinking milk continence became difficult.)

Waking the "abject and illiterate masses of India to a sense of their own human and national dignity was a task which perhaps only a saint, a man simpler and more profound than any politician could hope to accomplish.

That Gandhi did achieve it in his life-time is nearly a miracle; and it is wonderfully moving to discover that the qualities which made it possible were the ancient truth, simplicity and renunciation of the flesh which from time immemorial have fortified the saints.

(London Express Service)

Adventures of a letter in search of Shaw



PICTURED here is an envelope unique even among the enormous correspondence of George Bernard Shaw. It was delivered to him recently from an admirer in America.

This was then despatched, with no other address, to Shaw's home at Ayot St Lawrence, Hertfordshire.

Shaw's comment (written on the face of the envelope): "All three have taken my names in vain. I was never in any of them."

The United States has four places named Shaw, four Georges and two Bernards. (London Express Service)

FROM HERE AND THERE:

Her Six Children Made Good

NEW YORK: Chosen as America's mother of the year, Mrs. Pearl Gillis, a 60-year-old post office worker's wife, has six children, and this is what they have done in life: one son is a top broadcasting executive, another is a diplomat, another is a professor of English, another is a musician, and two daughters are also musicians.

Cure-all

NEW YORK: An answer has been given to the question most visiting Englishmen ask in America—why do they serve food in their chemists' shops? Paul Henkel, a New York restaurant man, said it was all because of the deplorable American habit of gulping food. Said he: "It is only a few steps from the food counter to the drug counter. You gulp your lunch and then hurry over to pick up your stomach pills." Convenient, but not good.

Tin can praise

NEW YORK: Mrs. Dionne Lucas, an English cook and a blue ribbon one at that, conceded that there is something about the displaced tin opener, chief utensil in the American kitchen. Mrs. Lucas has made a big success giving New Yorkers cooking lessons by radio and television. And she has agreed at last to sell some

of her creations—in this, she is beginning with soups—vichyssoise, tomato and bacon, potato and watercress, cream of artichoke, watercress and chicken, onion, and cream of tomato. Said Mrs. Lucas, "I find they taste just as well from the tin as from the pot."

Crooked courtesy

NEW YORK: Among crooks there is a movement toward manners. In Brooklyn recently two men who held up Mr. and Mrs. Harry Zuck under the mistaken impression that they were jewelers, retired with apologies. Said the ringleader: "We are very sorry to have inconvenienced you."

Inseparable

TORONTO: Two sisters, who were married the same day and who live in the same house, had babies the same day in the same hospital. They are Mrs. Robert Snodden, aged 25, who had a baby girl weighing 8 lb. 9 oz., and Mrs. Harry Padlister, aged 23, a boy weighing 8 lb. 14 oz., 20 minutes later. Both were married six years ago.

No violence

PARIS: Before a bull fight could take place in Paris the organisers had to agree that the bull would neither be killed nor ill-treated. In the arena will be Conchita Cifuentes, the famous woman matador.

Gandhi was accustomed as a boy to the spectacle of self-discipline. His mother was a devout woman who believed profoundly in fasting and the taking of vows as aids to self-restraint and who clearly experienced a kind of pleasure in her asceticism.

NO WINE

There is a joy to such natures. In the severest self-denial but it has also a practical purpose, the habit of renunciation long continued enables us to make sacrifices and perform feats of will, when they are necessary without effort.

When Gandhi as a young man visited England to read law he was not the ascetic he was later to become, but to please his mother he had taken a vow not to touch wine, meat or women during his stay.

Wine seems never to have been a temptation to him, any more than (since schooldays) smoking which he regarded as a habit "barbarous, dirty and harmful" but he believed, against his religion, in eating meat, and since he had been married at 13 and had fathered children at an age when English boys are still at school, he knew his own sexual nature well enough to be a little afraid of it.

He gave up his Indian dress and arrived in London in September 1887 in a suit of meticulous white flannels. For three months he was infatuated with the idea of becoming an English gentleman, and spent time and money on dancing and music lessons, French, elocution and good tailoring.

ALARM BELL

But after three months something "rang a bell of alarm in my ear and I awoke." An inner voice told him that he was not following his own direction and from then on he became a serious student and began his lifelong experiments in asceticism.

A chance-read book, Salt's Plea for Vegetarianism, converted him to a meatless diet

and from this point he made steady progress towards simplicity. By the strictest form of vegetarianism he freed himself from a world of trouble for nobody can deny that more time and labour are spent on "civilised" food than it is worth. We make too much of it, it is a side of life that most drastically needs to be simplified, and Gandhi with his bowl of fruit and nuts was able to save much time and energy for the things that mattered.

HUMILITY

A shy man, he gave up the tedious struggle to achieve small-talks. "Experience has taught me that silence is part of the spiritual discipline of a votary of truth."

His reverence for truth freed him from religious bigotry and taught him that even truth itself is not an absolute. "Every case can be seen from no less than seven points of view, all of which are probably correct by themselves, but not correct at the same time and in the same circumstances."

All religions, he saw, were different gropings after truth. Prayer, humility, confession were the same for all. "I have not the slightest doubt that prayer is an unerring means of cleansing the heart of passions. But it must be combined with the utmost humility. A clean confession combined with a promise never to commit the sin again when offered before one who has the right to receive it is the purest type of repentance."

Asceticism alone is not enough. The struggle with self-denial must be put in good

HOPKINS REVEALS STALIN SECRETS

By George Malcolm Thomson

IF anybody wishes to measure in one painful glance the worsening of relations among the great Powers who fought the war against Hitler, he need look no further than the new volume of The White House Papers of Harry L. Hopkins, by Robert E. Sherwood.

This illuminating book, prepared mainly from documents left by Hopkins, provides just what is needed—a picture of dealings with Russia at the time when they were most intimate. level discussions about world politics, and so down to Hopkins's last journey to Moscow in a desperate, momentarily successful, effort to stop the rot in American-Russian affairs.

Political artist

To Roosevelt's portrait new strokes are added, without change in the main outlines, the supreme political artist with the curious folie of wishing to appear pliant.

Churchill is as we know him; forthright, masterful, voluble; centre of much of the comedy. It is almost surprising to learn that Stalin can laugh, that he is a human being, so much have we been conditioned to think of the "13 men in the Kremlin" as if they were 13 sinister wraiths devoid of every emotion save malignity.

There is nothing ghostlike about Stalin as Hopkins sees him. He is rough, cynical, often brutally rude, with realism and commonsense like a sledgehammer.

He liked to bait Churchill; nobody can be sure to what extent the fun was good-natured. The chapter on the Teheran Conference is an important disclosure of high events.

Peak of amity

It was the first meeting of Roosevelt and Stalin; it was also, as Sherwood thinks, the peak of Allied amity.

Roosevelt, invited by Stalin, who is worried because enemy agents are at large in the Persian capital, goes to live in the Russian Embassy compound. He is looked after hand and foot by Russian secret police, all armed. His own bodyguard has a nervous time.

Stalin expresses himself with extraordinary frankness on: France. Petain represents the real France, not De Gaulle, its ruling class is rotten to the core.

Germany. He does not believe in the reform of the German people. They will rise again in 15 years unless forcibly prevented.

The British Empire.—He was in favour of enlarging it, round Gibraltar, at the expense of France's Spain.

Churchill says that Russia has a right to warm-water ports. He would like to see her fleets, naval and merchant, on all the seas.

Stalin comments dryly that the British did not feel that way in Curzon's time. These are other days, replies Churchill. Roosevelt warns Stalin privately that India is a touchy subject with Churchill.

He expounds his views on the Far East, a favourite topic. Reform should begin at the bottom. That means revolution, Stalin points out.

One day at lunch, remarks that Russia ought to have access to the Manchurian port of Dairen.

This is, perhaps, the most important revelation of the whole book. It has been thought that Roosevelt made the offer for the first time at Yalta, behind the backs of his advisers, and when his health was enfeebled.

Sherwood's view is that the offer was not casual, but deliberate, made after consultation with Chiang Kai-shek at Cairo.

Whatever its final value for humanity, the Teheran meeting is certainly the climax of this book. After that come victory, disillusionment, the chill winds of disunity.

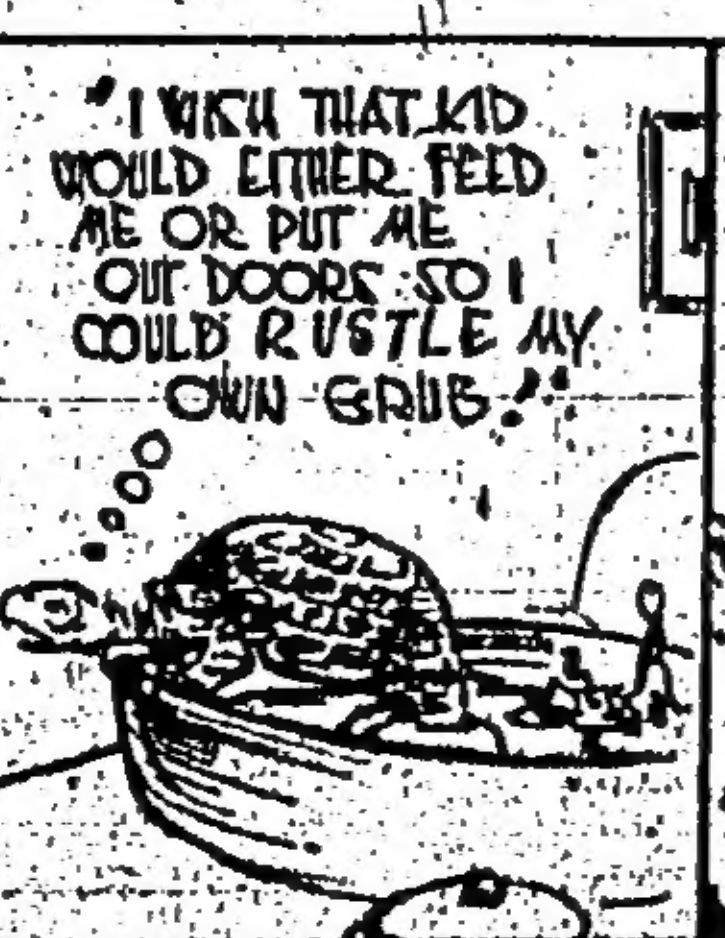
Political Testament

One final Hopkins paper, consisting of jottings made not long before his death, may perhaps be looked on as a draft of his political testament. In it, this passage about Imperial Preference occurs:

"The British live by trade. We are probably powerful enough, if we want to use that power, to seriously injure that trade, but I do not believe it is to our self-interest to do it."

(London Express Service)

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



"Pet Peeves" BY KEMP STARRETT

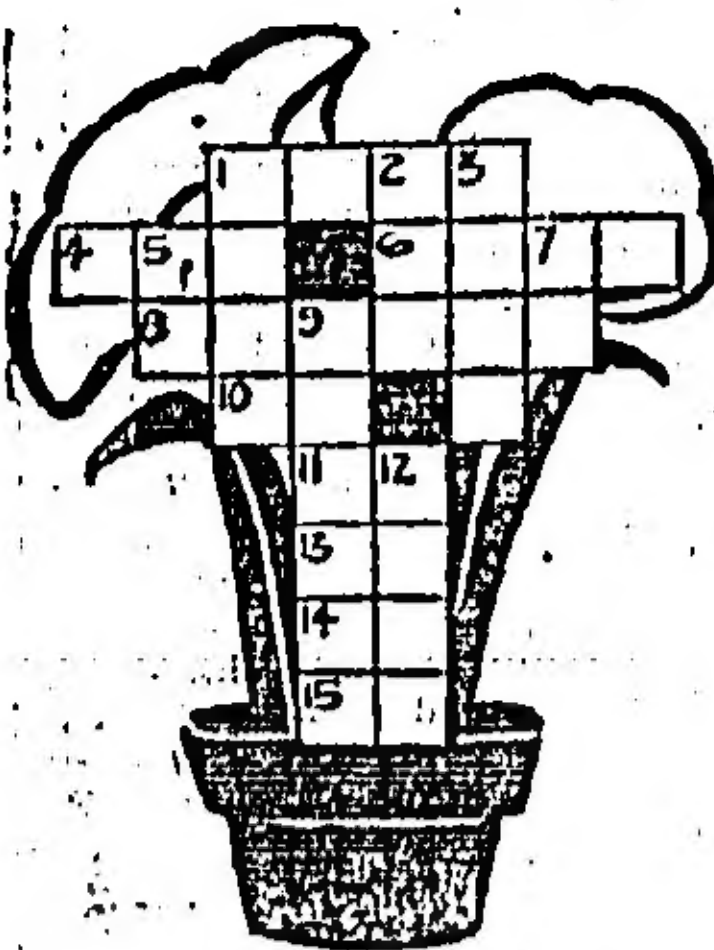
SPORTS

STORIES

PUZZLES

MENTAL GYMNASIUM

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Heavenly body
- 4 Varnish ingredient
- 6 This puzzle is on the silhouette of a —
- 8 Fondle
- 10 Musical note
- 11 Myself
- 12 Paid newspaper notice
- 14 Within
- 15 North America (ab.)

DOWN

- 1 Wound mark
- 2 Malt beverage
- 3 Get up
- 4 Kind of current (ab.)
- 5 Left side (ab.)
- 9 Stay
- 12 Girl's name

DIAMOND

RABBITS form the centre of our puzzle. The second word is "a taxi," the third "a snake," the fifth "a newlywed woman," and the sixth "dined."

RABBITS

WORD CHAIN

Change TOMB to RISE in four moves, changing one letter at a time and having a word each time.

EGGS AND YOU

1. Would you go to Ireland, South America or Canada for a hen's blue egg?
2. Unscramble HISTFOAD to learn what fish deposits its eggs in seashells.
3. What are the slight depressions in an ostrich egg called?
4. Does the male or female ostrich sit upon the eggs?
5. What mammal lays eggs?

Rupert & the live toys—30



Every day the little friends meet to see if there is any reply from Santa Claus. One morning, well after Christmas, they notice with excitement that the whistle has gone from the tree. "Golly must have been to fetch it," says Sylvia, "but he hasn't left the grille and the nippo for us." "We mean't be too sure," says Rupert, "he wouldn't leave them here in any case. They may be at one of our homes. Willie hasn't had a toy this Christmas. Let's go and search his cottage first."

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

SPORTS RIDDLES

1. Why isn't Frank Stranahan (golf champion) going to use clubs any longer?
2. When is a baseball player like a spider?
3. What is the biggest jewel in the world?
4. Why is Citation (famous race horse) like a lollypop?

ANSWERS

WORD CHAIN: TOMB, tome, Rome, rose, RISE.

DIAMOND:

R
CAB
COBRA
RABBITS
BRIDE
ATE
S

EGGS AND YOU: 1—Along west coast of South America. 2—Toucan. 3—Pores. 4—The male. 5—The duck-billed platypus of Australia.

CROSSWORD:



SPORTS RIDDLES: 1—Because his are long enough now. 2—When he is catching a fly. 3—A baseball diamond. 4—The more you lick him, the faster he goes.

Miss China Doll's Dinner

—She Wanted to Roast the Rubber Duck—

By MAX TRELL

MISS China Doll, who lived in her own private doll house under the sunny window in the children's playroom, told Mary-Jane the Rag Doll she was going to give a big dinner. "I'll invite everyone I know," she said. "I'll invite Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, General Tim the Tin Soldier, Mr. Punch and Judy, Hobby Horse, Mrs. Cuckoo, the two goldfish, the canary, Knarf and Hanid and you."

"Thank you," said Mary-Jane. "I'll help you make the dinner." Miss China Doll said she would be very glad to have Mary-Jane's help. "It's really going to be a very big dinner," she explained. "I think I'll make a roast duck." "Oh! said Mary-Jane. "Roast duck is delicious. But where are you going to get the duck?" "At the butcher's of course," answered Miss China Doll. "That's where everybody gets duck." But then Miss China Doll remembered that dolls didn't usually go to butcher shops. "Oh dear, Mary-Jane! I'm afraid you're right. I can't get a roast duck at the butcher's." Just then, she glanced around the room and suddenly she saw a painted rubber duck that the children now and then put in the bath-tub. "Why! There's a duck! Why can't I roast him?"

"I don't care to be roasted," the Rubber Duck replied, when Miss China Doll went over telling it what she wanted. "But you're just the right size!" said Miss China Doll. "I still don't want to be roasted," repeated the duck. "How would you like to be roasted?"

"Nonsense!" said Miss China Doll, growing impatient. "Nobody eats roast China Doll, but every one does eat roast duck."

In vain did Miss China Doll try to make the Rubber Duck



"I don't want to be roasted," said the duck.

change its mind about being roasted. She pointed out to the Rubber Duck that it would be invited to the party along with everyone else, and that it would have the best place of all, sitting on a platter right in the middle of the table. But the duck kept shaking its head. It was finally Mary-Jane who persuaded the Rubber Duck to change its mind. "It's all make-believe," she said. "You won't really have to be roasted. You'll just sit in the platter in the middle of the table and everyone will pretend to eat you. You won't be hurt the least little bit. And when the dinner is over, you can go right back to your corner of the playroom and no one will ever know you were a roast duck at Miss China Doll's party."

It was a wonderful party. Everyone in the playroom came and the Rubber Duck had the best time of all, for when it grew tired of sitting on the platter, it waddled all around the table, stepping in and out of plates and kicking over all the knives and forks and spoons. "I never knew it would be so much fun, being a roast duck at a dinner party in a doll house," it quacked.

AND SO THE MEN IN THE STREET

SAID TO THE ARMY

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ANOTHER RUBBALONG TALE BY ENID BLYTON

"I DON'T like leaving you to look after yourself for a week, it's a fact I don't," said Ma Rubbalong to little Rubbalong. "But your aunt's ill and I must go to her."

"Ma! Anyone would think I was six years old, the way you talk," said Rubbalong. "I'm just as able to look after myself as you are. You go along, now, I'll manage fine."

"See you have your meals properly, and don't you forget to let the cats out at night, and remember to wind the clock—and oh, bless us all, I've forgotten to wash out my magic apron!" cried Ma Rubbalong.

"I'll do that for you," said Rubbalong. It was a curious apron, one his mother wore whenever she wanted her work done quickly. It made her sing loudly, move quickly, and get her work done in half the time.

"Well, here it is," said Ma Rubbalong and she threw it over a chair. "See you hang it on the line to dry when there's a good wind. Now good-bye—and don't forget to put down the cat's milk, and..."

"Shoo, Ma, shoo! You'll miss the bus!" cried Rubbalong, and pushed her out of the door. Well, for a week Rubbalong looked after himself. He looked after the cats, too. They got so fond of him that they all three tried to go to sleep on his knee at once and he was forever pushing them off.

"I'll be glad when Ma comes back this afternoon," he told them on the Saturday. "She's got a lap big enough for three cats. I haven't."

He cleaned the kitchen. He cut some bread and butter. He bought a cake. He put the kettle on to boil. And Ma would see that he could look after himself all right.

Ma Rubbalong came bustling in, glad to be home again. She beamed at little Rubbalong, and beamed at the singing kettle and the purring cats.

"Nice to be back again," she said. "I'll make us a cup of tea." They had tea, together, and then Ma got up. She went to the peg behind the door to get her apron—but it wasn't there.

"Where's my apron?" she said. "You said you'd wash it for me, Rubbalong."

Good Handwriting Is Worthwhile

A famous author, Horace (Go West Young Man) Greeley, whose writings have been quoted widely, couldn't read his own "hen scratches."

Today, with the typewriter taking the place of handwriting, people are growing even worse penmen. A legible script is as rare as teeth in the hen that scratches.

The small letters "p" and "d" are rarely closed. Small "i" and "j" are hardly ever dotted and "a" may be crossed in the sentence or not at all. The letters "e" and "u" are pushed around unmercifully and "n" and "u" look alike.

MOST cases of bad penmanship are due to carelessness and haste. For this reason, government agencies and many people who ask you to make out forms plead, "Please use block letters." Printing is more easily read.

By Harry F. O'Neill

More often than not, you are judged by your handwriting. When you apply for a job, neatness and legibility of your script carries weight with the boss. Neat writers are usually careful and conscientious, while slovenly writers are careless at best.

SALESMEN, postmen, and people who make out forms and keep records must write plainly. Otherwise mistakes will occur. It is true that the flourishes, which were so fashionable in the days before typewriters, have gone out of style, but plain, easily read handwriting will always be appreciated.

(London Express Service)



MA RUBBALONG COMES HOME

"Well and so I did," said Rubbalong. Let's see now—I brought the washing in from the garden—but I can't remember what I did with it."

"I'll still be in the washing-basket, then," said Ma Rubbalong, and she went to open it. But when she pushed back the lid she cried out in surprise:

"Oh, my," said little Rubbalong. "I couldn't find the potato box when I got home with the potatoes, so I popped them into your washing-basket. Ma, I've been looking for them all the week."

"What's in the potato box, then?" said Ma Rubbalong. "There it is, under the sink," she went over to it.

"You've put all the knives and forks here," she said. "The knives and forks—you know they're kept in the table drawer, Rubbalong."

"Yes, I know," said Rubbalong. "But it was so full I couldn't get them in, Ma."

Ma Rubbalong went to the table. She pulled out the drawer. A terrible smell came out, and Tib, Tab and Tubby, the three cats, leapt up on the table at once, mewing loudly.

"Fish! FISH!" cried Ma Rubbalong, and pushed the cats off the table. She stared at Rubbalong, who went bright red.

"I wondered where I'd put that fish," said poor Rubbalong. "I hunted for it everywhere. You see, the larder shelf was full, Ma, and I couldn't leave it out on the table, because of the cats—and I remember now, I just pushed it into the drawer."

"Ma! Oh Ma! I remember now," cried little Rubbalong. "Of course! I took the linen bag out into the garden to collect all the washing on the line—because, you see, the washing-basket was full of potatoes."

"And where is the linen bag?" asked Ma, looking all round. She caught sight of a bag hanging on the scullery door. She went to it.

"Here it is," she said, and began to pull out the washing. But her apron wasn't there. Little Rubbalong looked very nervous again.

"Oh, Ma," he began, "I seem to remember something else. Ma, I must have thought the bag was your rag-bag, not my bag when I saw it. And I remember taking something out of it to wipe up the floor?"

"Not my apron!" wailed Ma Rubbalong. "My magic apron! You wicked boy. What did you do with it?"

"I only wiped up the floor—and yes, I cleaned the windows, too—and I may have used it for a dish-cloth—and I know I tore a bit off to bind up my hand when I cut it," said Rubbalong, mournfully.

Ma Rubbalong pounced on a dirty-looking rag in the sink. She shook it out. "My apron! Rubbalong, you just wait for a minute—just stand there and wait!"

"I'll avenge you in the sink with my poor apron. I'll squeeze you dry, and I'll peg you up on the line by your big ears. You just wait!"

But he didn't wait. When Ma Rubbalong looked round, he wasn't there. He'd put himself somewhere very safe—and let's hope he's remembered where it is or he certainly won't be found again!

(London Express Service)

CRAFTS

GAMES

JOKES

ZOO'S WHO

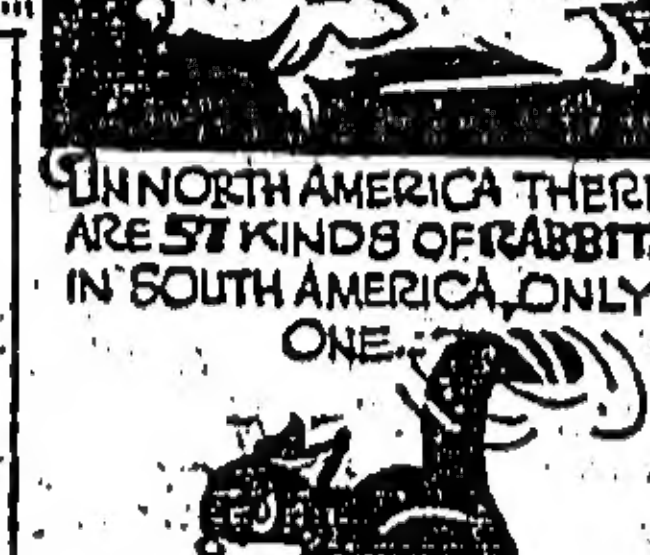


THE GIANT ANTI-EATER WALKS WITH HIS TOES TURNED INWARD TO KEEP FROM DULLING HIS CLAWS.



A MONSTER THAT RECENTLY FRIGHTENED A COMMUNITY IN SWITZERLAND UNTIL IT WAS BAGGED BY A HUNTER, TURNED OUT TO BE A FOX!

IN NORTH AMERICA THERE ARE 57 KINDS OF RABBITS. IN SOUTH AMERICA ONLY ONE.



DOGS WAG THEIR TAILS WHEN THEY'RE HAPPY. CATS WAG THEIR TAILS WHEN ANGRY.

Put Some Pep In Your Next Party

THE best way to make your next party a real success is with rousing games. For a starter try "Famous People."

As many slips of paper as there are boys and girls at the party. On each one of these slips is written the name of some well-known character of fact or fiction, such as Napoleon, Cleopatra, Old Mother Hubbard, etc. Then one of these slips is pinned to the back of each player. But players are not permitted to know which names have been pinned to their backs. Each player is supposed to BE the famous person whose name is shown on this slip.

Players form a circle, and the knotted handkerchief is tossed about the circle from one person to another. "It's your turn to touch it," says the player whose name is on the handkerchief. The object, of course, is not to allow the "hot potato" to be in one's possession, or touching one's person or clothing, long enough to be tagged.

When someone is "tagged" while touching the handkerchief he is "it."



THIS IS A GAME THAT CAN REALLY BE FUN

Do Animals Think?

A. FRIDY, an ex-animal trainer and "saw of the circus" from a town with the curious name of Oconomowoc, in Wisconsin, has as a favourite theme, "Can Animals Think?" He believes they can.

He has several interesting anecdotes about animals in circuses for which he has worked. He is particularly fond of stories about an elephant named Babe Ruth, one of the smartest he ever knew.

"Babe" once saved the life of a woman trainer who was in the path of a tent pole torn loose by a storm in Montana. Hearing her screams the elephant ran in front of the lashing pole and received a terrific impact which would have killed the woman.

"After that," he said, "Babe would bring me when she walked near that pole."

Once a circus was playing at Salt Lake City with a new elephant when at about show time, with crowds in front of the tent, an eagle broke loose in the menagerie and flew with terrific force into the timid, inexperienced elephant. The elephant tore up its chain and made a break for the crowd. Babe Ruth and the Countess, another smart elephant, jumped forward and pinned the frightened elephant between them until the danger was over.

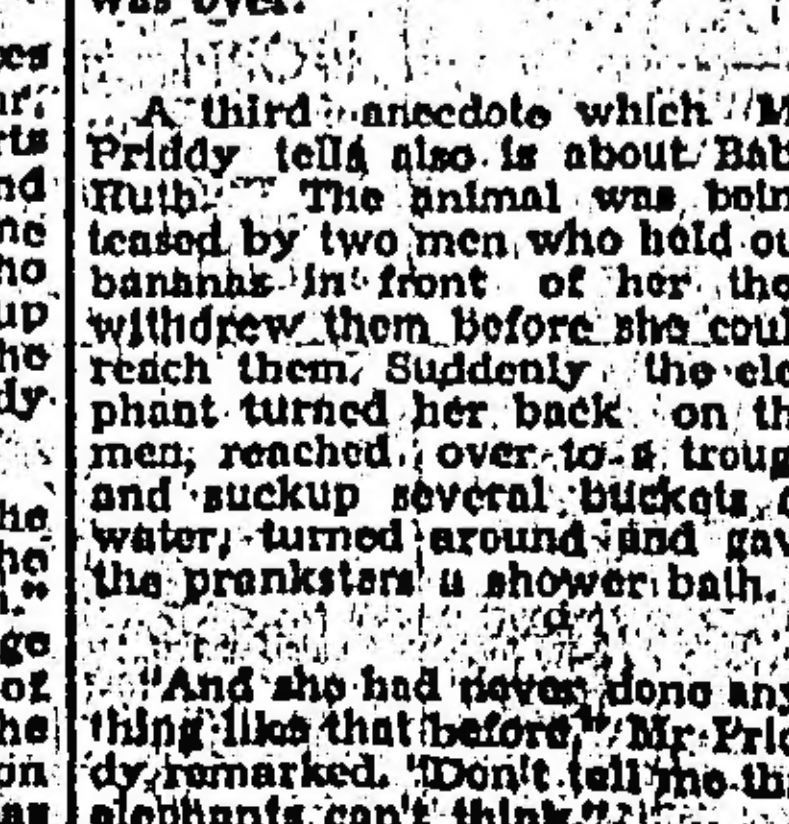
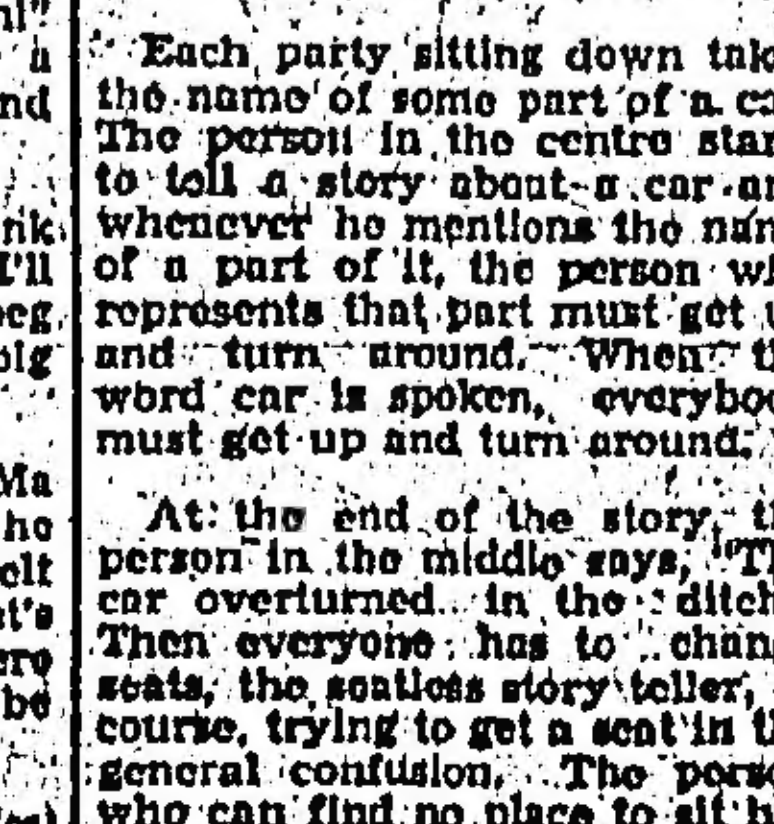
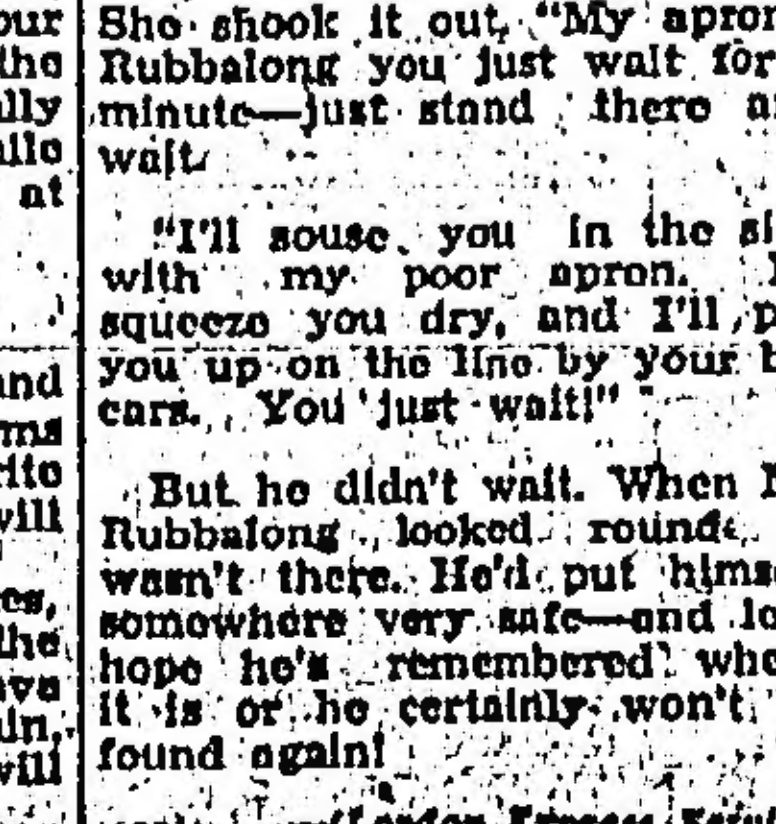
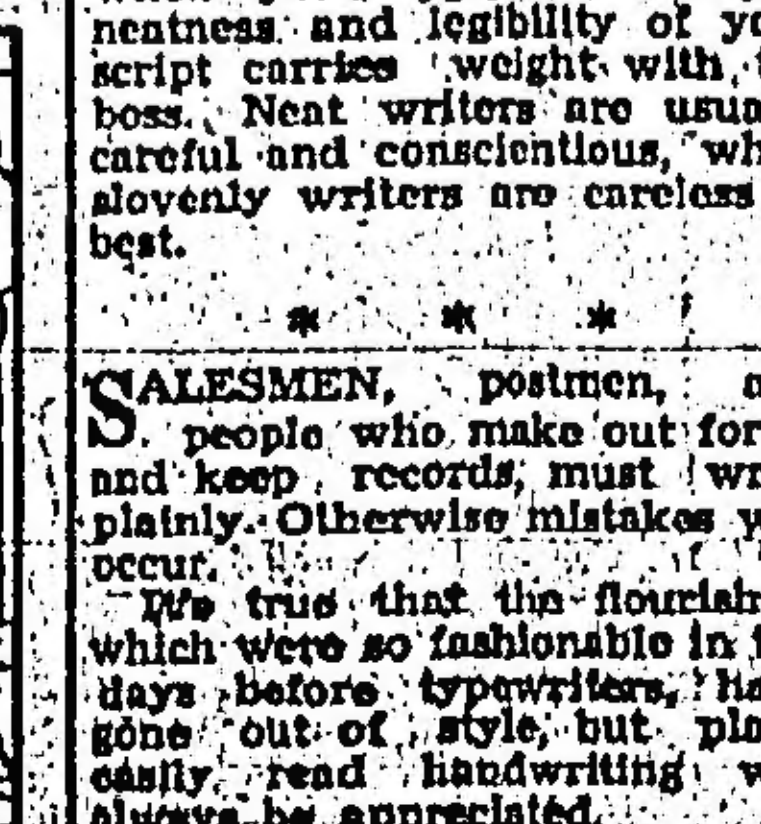
A third anecdote which Mr. Fridy tells also is about Babe Ruth. The animal was being teased by two men who held out bananas in front of her. Then they withdrew them before she could reach them. Suddenly the elephant turned her back on the men, reached over her shoulder and sucked several buckets of water, turned around and gave the pranksters a shower bath.

And she had never done anything like that before," Mr. Fridy remarked. "Don't tell the other elephants that!"

BRONCHO BILL

The Hungry Listeners

By Harry F. O'Neill



Coffee-Coloured Unknown Is New Boxing Hope

UNDEFEATED IN 26 PROFESSIONAL BOUTS

Sydney, May 13.—Jack Hassen, half-aborigine, is the brightest lightweight boxing hope in Australia today.

Six months ago he was unknown as a fighter.

Hassen, 23, a former stockman, has had 26 professional fights. He has not yet been beaten and twenty of his wins were by knockouts.

Davis Cup

S. Africa, Italy Win One Each

Milan, May 13.—Italy and South Africa divided the first two singles matches in the second round of the Davis Cup.

Italy's star, Gianni Cucchi, defeated the South African veteran Eustace Fanning 7-5, 7-5, 6-3.

South Africa's mainstay, Eric Sturges, then easily defeated Nanni Canepelo 6-3, 6-1, 6-4.

Most interest centred on the Cucchi-Fanning match, which the Italian won by bounce drives to the baseline mixed with deadly play at the net.

In Paris, France took a 2-0 lead over Denmark in their second round clash.

In the second match Marcel Bernard, ranked French player, beat Kurt Nielsen 3-6, 11-9, 6-3, 6-3.

In the first match, Robert Abdesselam defeated Torden Ulrich 6-0, 6-3, 6-0.

GOOD CHANCE

After winning the first set, Nielsen was given a good chance to beat Bernard, but the French veteran came back to take the next three sets.

Bernard's experience in tournament play was considered the winning factor.

Ulrich experienced abdominal pains during his match. Later he was examined by a doctor and announced that he would withdraw from play. E. Bierra will replace him playing with Nielsen tomorrow, in the doubles.

He will meet Bernard on Sunday in a singles match.

Budapest, Hungary, rain caused the match between Hungary and Belgium to be abandoned after only four games had been played.

J. Asboth won three of the games—and the match will be continued tomorrow.—Associated Press.

WEEK-END SPORT

TODAY

Hockey—International Series: Holland v. India at 5.45 p.m.

Lawn Bowls—First Division League: CCC v. KCC; KDC v. PRC; KBC v. Recrolo "B"; IRC v. Recrolo "A".

Second Division League: Recrolo v. HKFC; Talook v. Filipino Club; IRC v. KBCG, KCC v. CCC.

Third Division League: PRC v. POC; Recrolo v. HKCC; KCC v. KDC; KBCG v. HKERC.

Football—Sooong Ling-Sing Benefit Match: South China v. The Rest at Caroline Hill, 5.30 p.m.

Basketball—5.30 p.m., "B" Division: Lai Hang v. Ning Chung; 6.30 p.m., "A" Division: Kln Chinese YMCA v. Union.

7.30 p.m., Ladies: Kln Chinese YMCA v. South China; 8.30 p.m., Friendly: Canton University v. Kung Man.

TOMORROW

Football—School Soccer Knockout Competition: Semi-finals, Happy Valley, 10 a.m.

Second Division League: KKB v. Navy at Boundary Street; PCA v. CAA at Sookun-poo.

Lawn Bowls—KBCG v. Northumberland & Dunham Association at Austin Road, 3.45 p.m.

Football—Inter-Hong League: Gibbs v. APL at King's Park.

Basketball—3 p.m., "B" Division: Chinese Republic v. South China Morning Post; 7 p.m., "A" Division: Kung Man v. Black Cats; 8 p.m., Ladies: Hong Tao v. HK Chinese YMCA.

To Play In Pi Tennis Tourney

Mandala, May 13.—Three European tennis stars will definitely play in the Philippine national tennis championships.

It was learned today.

This has been confirmed by Mr. Jorge B. Vargas, President of the Philippine Amateur Athletic Federation, who arrived last night by air from the International Olympic Committee meeting in Rome.

The three internationally known tennis players are Goni Cucchi and Pedro Massip of Spain.—Reuter.

Flames Raze Grandstand



Flames envelope the entire grandstand of the Hollywood Park race track at Inglewood, Calif., as the lavish \$5,000,000 thoroughbred plant was destroyed by fire. The track was scheduled to begin its annual meeting this month. Nearly 600 horses in the stable area half a mile away were all saved.—AP Picture.

NEW ZEALANDERS BEAT SURREY

Fine Performance At The Oval

London, May 13.—The New Zealanders put up a fine performance at The Oval today in defeating Surrey by 149 runs. This second victory at the beginning of their arduous tour should give them great confidence.

Unperturbed by the wearing pitch, the kiwi captain, Hadlee, began the day by punishing Laker for two sixes and he completed his first century of the summer before declaring at 2.9 for 8. Altogether he batted four hours 35 minutes and hit three sixes and 11 fours in his 119.

He took a slight risk in setting Surrey to average more than 68 runs an hour, but in doing so allowed his bowlers four and a half hours in which to dismiss them.

Surrey needed 306 runs to win, but their early batsmen offered such poor resistance that the Kiwis were able to reach 42 runs in three hours.

Then two junior professionals, Constable, who hit 11 fours, and Whittaker, who hit a six and four fours, played glorious cricket to add 111 for the sixth wicket.

Tom Burtt, the thick-set left-arm slow bowler, suddenly finished the match by taking four of the last five wickets in 15 deliveries without cost. His leg-break turned quickly and he was greatly assisted by the agile wicket-keeping of Frank Mooney. Burtt's final analysis, six for 47, followed his seven for 102 in the previous match at Worcester.

Another impressive New Zealand bowler was Cave, well over six feet tall, who made full use of his height. His stock ball, the leg-break, proved extremely troublesome to the Surrey batsmen.

The New Zealanders spend their second successive weekend in the Midlands tomorrow when they visit Leicestershire. Their batsmen, however, should have plenty of runs in the Leicestershire pitch, in spite of the skill of Walsh and Jackson, the County's Australian spin bowlers.

The final scores were: New Zealand: 258 and 249 for 3 declared. Surrey: 202.

2nd Innings.

Fishlock c Wallace b Cave 13
E. Bedder c Hadlee b Cresswell 1
Squires c Burtt b Cave 10
Barton c Scott b Burtt 10
McIntyre b Burtt 11
Constable c Sutcliffe b Cave 55
Whittaker st. Mooney b Burtt 50
Laker st. Mooney b Burtt 0
A. Bedder c Mooney b Burtt 3
Cox not out 0
McMahon b Burtt 0
Extras 12

Bowling: O M R W
Cave 20 4 55 3
Cresswell 14 3 32 1
Burtt 21.5 7 47 16
Burke 3 1 0 0
Sutcliffe 1 0 0 0

—Reuter.

**TO BE SENT
BACK HOME**

Shanghai, May 13.—Ten inland steamship companies today formed a joint shipping service to evacuate the surplus Shanghai people to their native districts—Soochow, Hangchow and other points under Red occupation.

Tanks and big wood river boats will call to Communist areas as soon as the military authorities give permission. The plan does not mean that trading will be done with the Communist areas yet, the sole aim being to transport the refugees homeward.—United Press.

Reds' Fukien Invasion

San Francisco, May 13.—A Communist radio broadcast from Peiping on Friday said that Red troops had entered China's coastal Fukien province.

The broadcast said Chungking, in the Northern part of the province, had been captured. It also said the Communists had swept over the whole length of the Chekiang-Kiangsi railway and now control 250 miles of track east of Tientsin. That is less than 30 miles Southeast of Nanchang, Kiangsi province.

Twelve thousand National troops had been disarmed and 18 towns taken in the last five days, the broadcast said.—Associated Press.

BRITAIN, ISRAEL RAISE STATUS OF MINISTERS

London, May 13.—Britain and Israel have raised the status of their representatives from "diplomatic officers" to Legation Ministers, a joint Anglo-Israeli communique said today.

The communique said the two governments had not discussed the "present basis of relationship between them."

A Foreign Office spokesman said this meant that Britain had not given the Israeli government de jure or full recognition under the new arrangement, but was continuing on the basis of de facto recognition.

He said the new status was aimed at facilitating the work of Israeli and British representatives.

The arrangement was the result of negotiations at the British Foreign Office between the British Government and Dr. Mordecai Elias, new Israeli Minister.

The Foreign Office spokesman said Dr. Elias would now present his credentials to the King and the British Minister to Tel-Aviv, Mr. A. K. Helm, would present

his credentials to the Israeli President, Dr. Chaim Weizmann. Mr. Helm is scheduled to leave for Israel tomorrow by way of Rome and Cyprus. He is expected to arrive in Tel-Aviv on May 17.—United Press.

UK Experts To Visit Moscow Soon

London, May 13.—British experts will leave for Moscow in a few days to continue negotiations for an Anglo-Soviet trade pact.

An informed diplomat said the mission was going at the invitation of the Russian Government.

Preliminary talks between the two countries have been going on in London for some weeks.

They hope to write a one-year pact which may later be followed by a long-term agreement.

Britain wants Russian grain, cereals, timber and woodpulp and in return is offering to build Merchant ships and to supply machinery and capital equipment.

Mr. Harold Wilson, President of the Board of Trade, may go to Moscow himself when the talks reach a later stage, the informant said.

Mr. Wilson is now in Canada. He is due to return in about three weeks.—Associated Press.

Restrictions Removed "In Good Spirit"

Washington, May 13.—General Lucius Clay, American commander in Germany, reported to the State Department today that the Soviets had removed restrictions in Berlin "wholesale and in good spirit."

General Clay telephoned Mr. Robert Murphy, director of the Office of German and Austrian Affairs, that "minor differences were inevitable, but it is too early to consider them serious."

He also said trade talks had already started between East and West German representatives.

The State Department spokesman, Mr. Michael McDermott, said the trade talks were for the purpose of extending the agreement which had expired during the blockade.

General Clay's report reflected little concern over reports that the Russians were insisting on special clearance for all shipments entering or leaving their zone.—United Press.

UK Reply To Indian Protest

London, May 13.—The British Government today replied to the Indian representations of the death sentence passed in Jhore, Malva, on an Indian, Sambasivam, it was learned today from a usually reliable source.

The Colonial Secretary, Mr. Arthur Creech Jones, saw the Indian High Commissioner, Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon, and made the reply orally.

Mr. Creech Jones, the source said, told Mr. Menon that the feelings of the people and the Government of India had been conveyed to the authorities in Malaya.

The British Government, the Colonial Secretary is reported to have said, had no jurisdiction over Jhore, which was a protected State, and the Sultan of Jhore was the final authority in the matter.

Mr. Creech Jones, it is understood, assured Mr. Menon that he would keep him advised on any further developments.

The execution of Sambasivam, found guilty under the Emergency Regulations of carrying arms, is scheduled for May 16.—Reuter.

Leprosy Relief Appeal

London, May 13.—The Prime Minister, Mr. Clement Attlee, today appealed to the British people for support in conquering leprosy in the British Commonwealth.

Opening the silver anniversary celebration of the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association, Mr. Attlee said that almost half of the world's 7,000,000 lepers were in the Commonwealth.

"Few people realise that there are today more than 7,000,000 lepers in the world, and of these more than 3,000,000 are in the British Commonwealth," said Mr. Attlee.

There were more than 1,000,000 lepers in India and the disease remained to be conquered in other parts of the Empire, particularly Africa.—United Press.

Gordon Picks Derby Mount

London, May 13.—The champion jockey, Gordon Richards, who has yet to ride a winner of the Epsom Derby, said tonight that he would ride the favourite Royal Forest in this year's race.

Royal Forest was quoted at 9 to 2 at the last callower on the race. Richards said: "I ride Royal Forest in the Derby. I think he has a good chance."

Faux-Tirage, a double companion of Royal Forest, is a doubtful runner for the race. His trainer, Noel Murless, said tonight: "The colt turned himself running in the Newmarket Stakes on Wednesday, and in the circumstances must be regarded as a doubtful runner."

Faux-Tirage was offered at 33 to 1 at the last callower.—Reuter.

KCC Bowler Goes Home

Harry Matthews, the Kowloon Cricket Club bowler-batsman, who showed outstanding form with the ball in the second division of the cricket league during the season recently ended, sailed for England this week.

Matthews is attached to the civil department of the Admiralty and was employed in the Naval Dockyard.

He is the second league cricketer the KCC has lost this year. Sid Truman, opening bat for the second eleven, sailed recently for England.

England Lose

Stockholm, May 13.—Sweden beat England by three goals to one in their football international here tonight.

Sweden were leading by three goals to nil at half-time.—Reuter.

They Answered the Call

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ments, change of copy etc.

Notices and classified advertise-

ments will be received up to 10

a.m. and urgent notices until

noon on day of issue. Satur-

days not later than 0930.

DEATH

EVANS—Captain Llewellyn Evans

of the China Navigation Com-

pany Limited, at Queen Mary

Hospital, on 12th May, 1949,

1949, aged 65 years. Funeral will

take place at the Colonial

Cemetery, Happy Valley today

at 3 p.m.

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